



THE LOVER'S

CALENDAR : :

Uniform with this Volume.

Chesterton Day by Day.

Selections from the writings in prose and verse of
G. K. Chesterton, arranged for every day of the year.

"This selection is carefully made, beautifully arranged, and printed ideally in bold type, with a blank space below the text on every page, so that the reader may make his own comments. . . . There are many grades of seriousness and paradox, expressed in prose and verse, most of it stimulating and all of it interesting. . . . A book to keep."—*Westminster Gazette*.

'Well calculated to convince the doubter of Mr. Chesterton's real claim to a niche somewhere near the Immortals.'—*Liverpool Courier*.

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DEDICATION

THOU wert the morning star among the living,
Ere thy fair light had fled ;
Now, having died, thou art as Hesperus, giving
New splendour to the dead.

Plato, translated by Shelley.

PREFACE

IN this Anthology I have tried to represent the whole course of Love in its birth, its slow growth, its inevitable sorrow and its joyous fruition. The history of love, with its changing seasons, corresponds to the course of the year, and I have sought to work out the sequence as closely as possible. Death also, and the union of spirits after death, may make a claim on the reader's desire for romance and adventure as powerful as the passionate love of those who are still on earth; and these two facts must enter into the calendar if the cycle of Love is to be complete. This epitome of a love history has been compiled during the last twelve years, in the hope that it may help all lovers, those who are together, and those who are divided, either by Life or by Death.

E. M. O. ELLIS.

*Woodpecker,
West Drayton.*

JANUARY

JANUARY 1st

NOTHING is better, I well think,
Than love ; the hidden well-water
Is not so delicate to drink :
This was well seen of me and her.

Swinburne.

JANUARY 2nd

FAR above our heads, in the very centre of the sky, shines the star of our destined love ; and it is in the atmosphere of that star, and illumined by its rays, that every passion that stirs us will come to life, even to the end. And though we choose to right or left of us, on the heights or in the shallows ; though, in our struggle to break through the enchanted circle that is drawn around all the acts of our life, we do violence to the instinct that moves us, and try our hardest to choose against the choice of our destiny, yet shall the woman we elect always have come to us straight from the unvarying star.

Maeterlinck.

JANUARY 3rd

CERTAINLY the lordship of Love is good ; seeing that it diverts the mind from all mean things.

Certainly the lordship of Love is evil ; seeing that the more homage his servants pay to him, the more grievous and painful are the torments wherewith he torments them.

The name of Love is so sweet in the hearing that it would not seem possible for its effects to be other than sweet ; seeing that the name must be like unto the thing named ; as it is written : *Nomina sunt consequentia rerum.*

The lady whom Love hath chosen out to govern thee is not as other ladies, whose hearts are easily moved.

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

JANUARY 4th

LOVE, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that has the living world for shade,
The spirit that for temporal veil has on
The souls of all men woven in unison,
One fiery raiment with all lives inwrought
And lights of sunny and starry deed and thought,
And alway through new act and passion new
Shines the divine same body and beauty through,
The body spiritual of fire and light
That is to worldly noon as noon to night ;
Love, that is flesh upon the spirit of man
And spirit within the flesh whence breath began ;
Love, that keeps all the choir of lives in chime ;
Love, that is blood within the veins of time.

Swinburne.

JANUARY 5th

LOVE must be as much a light as a flame.

Thoreau.

JANUARY 6th

GIVE all to love ;
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

'Tis a brave master ;
Let it have scope :
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope :
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wings unspent,
Untold intent ;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

It was not for the mean ;
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt,
Valour unbending ;
Such 'twill reward,
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love ;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavour,—

Keep thee to-day,
To-morrow, for ever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Emerson.

JANUARY 7th

'**T**WERE better that the spirit which wears not
true love as a garment

Had not been ; its being is but shame.

Be drunken in love, for love is all that exists. . . :

Dismiss cares and be utterly clear of heart,

Like the face of a mirror, without image or picture.

When it becomes clear of images, all images are
contained in it.

Jalal-uddin Rumi, translated by R. A. Nicholson.

JANUARY 8th

SEEK not the end of love in this act or in that act—lest indeed it become the end ;

But seek this act and that act and thousands of acts whose end is love—

So shalt thou at last create that which thou now desirest ;

And then, when these are all past and gone there shall remain to thee a great and immortal possession, which no man can take away. *Edward Carpenter.*

JANUARY 9th

THOU art my glory and the exaltation of my heart. Thou art my hope and my refuge in the day of tribulation. . . . A great thing is love, a great and altogether good thing : for love alone makes every heavy burden light and every unequal burden equal. Because it bears the burden without being burdened and makes every bitter thing sweet and delicious. . . . Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more delightful, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and in earth, for love is born of God. . . . The lover runs, flies, rejoices ; he is free and cannot be held. He gives all things for all things and has all things in all things, because he rests in one Highest Thing which is above all things. . . . Love feels no burdens, and cares not for fatigue and knows nothing of impossibilities, because it thinks that it is equal to all things ; therefore it is equal to all things and fails not, where he who is not a lover fails and falls. Love watches, and sleeping, sleeps not ; being fatigued is not weary, being terrified is not afraid ; but like the living and ardent flame of a torch it ever rises and safely passes through all.

‘Imitation of Christ.’ Thomas à Kempis.

Translated by Havelock Ellis.

JANUARY 10th

TO learn to love one must first learn to see.

Maeterlinck.

JANUARY 11th

LOVE has to me the splendour,
The glory of the sun ;
And the least action 'neath his eye
Must be divinely done. *Michael Field.*

JANUARY 12th

LET Love be purified and all the rest will follow.
A pure love is thus, indeed, the panacea for
all the ills of the world. *Thoreau.*

JANUARY 13th

HAVE you ever thought of the frightful thing it is to shift one's centre? That is what it is to love a woman. One's nature no longer radiates freely, from its own centre; the centre itself is shifted, is put outside oneself. Up to then, one may have been unhappy, one may have failed, many things may seem to have gone wrong. But at least there was this security: that one's enemies were all outside the gate. With the woman whom one loves one admits all one's enemies. Think: all one's happiness to depend upon the will of another, on that other's fragility, faith, mutability; on the way life comes to the heart, soul, conscience, nerves of some one else, no longer the quite sufficient difficulties of a personal heart, soul, conscience and nerves. It is to call in a passing stranger and to say: Guard all my treasures while I sleep.

Arthur Symons.

JANUARY 14th

THINK not that the love thou enterest into to-day is for a few months or years :

The little seed set now must lie quiet before it will germinate, and many alternations of sunshine and shower descend upon it before it become even a small plant.

When a thousand years have passed, come thou again. And behold ! a mighty tree that no storms can shake.

Edward Carpenter.

JANUARY 15th

WHEN Fate sends forth the woman it has chosen for us—sends her forth from the fastnesses of the great spiritual cities in which we, all unconsciously, dwell, and she awaits us at the crossing of the road we have to traverse when the hour is come—we are warned at the first glance. Some there are who attempt to force the hand of Fate. Wildly pressing down their eyelids, so as not to see that which had to be seen—struggling with all their puny strength against the eternal forces—they will contrive perhaps to cross the road and go towards another, sent thither but not for them. Nothing will happen ; the pure force will not descend from the heights, and those wasted hours and kisses will never become part of the real hours and kisses of their life. *Maeterlinck.*

JANUARY 16th

WE must no longer think : we must love
much. *Saint Theresa.*

JANUARY 17th

LOVE understands the mystery, whereof
We can but spell a surface history ;
Love knows, remembers ; let us trust in love :
Love understands the mystery.

Love weighs the event, the long pre-history,
Measures the depth beneath, the height above . . .
Trust all to love, be patient and approve :
Love understands the mystery.

Christina Rossetti.

JANUARY 18th

BELIEVE the truth of love,
Enact the beauty of love,
Praise and adore the goodness of love.
For we are wise by love,
And strong and fair through love,
No less than sainted and inspired with love.

Sow love, it cannot fail ;
Adversity's sharp hail
May cut all else to ground ; fair love survives.
The black frost of despair
And slander's bitter air—
Love will outlast them by a thousand lives.

Let soul desire, mind ask,
And body crave ; our task
Be to fulfil each want in love's own way.
So shall the good and true
Partake of beauty too,
And life be helped and greatened day by day.

Spend love, and save it not ;
In act, in wish, in thought,
Spend love upon this lifetime without stint.
Let not the heart grow dry,
As the good hours go by ;
Love now, see earth take on the glory tint.
Bliss Carman.

JANUARY 19th

T IRED Child, on thy way to Paradise—
Does the path seem long? Rest here and
let us beguile a few moments . . .

Hast thou silent in the great secret caverns of
thy own heart heard the awful footsteps of thy
 Lover advancing?

Be at peace. Fear not. Behold, thou shalt
conquer all evil. . . .

Turn, lift up thine eyelids to me, beautiful one ;
clear away the shadows of the lashes from those
liquid deeps ;

Turn full-orbed thy gaze against mine. Fear
not. Serene, serene as heaven is all that is between
us.

Edward Carpenter.

JANUARY 20th

TRULY, they who know still know nothing if the strength of love be not theirs ; for the true sage is not he who sees, but he who, seeing the furthest, has the deepest love for mankind. He who sees without loving is only straining his eyes in the darkness.

Maeterlinck.

JANUARY 21st

THE cup of cold water, the cup of the vine,
and the cup of Love cannot be had without
Earth ; but none of them should taste of it.

Richard Garnett.

JANUARY 22nd

HE only gets the full glory who holds himself back a little, and truly possesses who is willing if need be not to possess.

Edward Carpenter.

JANUARY 23rd

FAITH at most but makes a hero, but love makes a saint ; faith can but put us above the world, but love brings us under God's throne ; faith can but make us sober, but love makes us happy.

John Henry Newman.

JANUARY 24th

ANYONE who has once realised how glorious a thing Love is in its essence, and how indestructible, will hardly need to call anything that leads to it a sacrifice ; and he is indeed a master of life who, accepting the grosser desires as they come to his body and not refusing them, knows how to transform them at will into the most rare and fragrant flowers of human emotion.

Edward Carpenter.

JANUARY 25th

LOVE is indeed Heaven upon Earth : since Heaven above would not be Heaven without it . . .

What we Love, we'll Hear ; what we Love, we'll Trust ; and what we Love, we'll Serve, ay, and Suffer for too. . . .

Love is above all ; and when it prevails in us all, we shall all be Lovely, and in Love with God and one with another. *William Penn.*

JANUARY 26th

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary
hours,
And meeting strangely at some sudden goal.
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden
flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole.
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

Edwin Arnold.

JANUARY 27th

LOVE, that if once his own hands make his grave
The whole world's pity and sorrow shall not
save ;

Love, that for very life shall not be sold,
Nor bought nor bound with iron nor with gold ;
So strong that heaven, could love bid heaven fare-
well,

Would turn to fruitless and unflowering hell ;
So sweet that hell, to hell could love be given,
Would turn to splendid and sonorous heaven :
Love, that is fire within thee and light above,
And lives by grace of nothing but of love.

Swinburne.

JANUARY 28th

SOMEWHERE beneath the sun,
These quivering heart-strings prove it,
Somewhere there must be one
Made for this soul to move it ;
Some one that hides her sweetness
From neighbours whom she slights,
Nor can attain completeness,
Nor give her heart its rights ;
Some one whom I could court
With no great change of manner,
Still holding reason's fort,
Though waving fancy's banner ;
A lady, not so queenly
As to disdain my hand,
Yet born to smile serenely
Like those that rule the land ;
Noble but not too proud ;
With soft hair simply folded,
And bright face crescent-browed
And throat by Muses moulded ;
And eyelids lightly falling
On little glistening seas,
Deep-calm when gales are brawling,
Though stirred by every breeze ;
Swift voice, like flight of dove
Through minster arches floating
With sudden turns, when love
Gets overnear to doting ;
Keen lips, that shape soft sayings
Like crystals of the snow,

With pretty half betrayings
Of things one may not know ;
Fair hand, whose touches thrill,
Like golden rod of wonder,
Which Hermes wields at will
Spirit and flesh to sunder ;
Light foot, to press the stirrup
In fearlessness and glee,
Or dance till finches chirrup,
And stars sink to the sea.

Forth, Love, and find this maid,
Wherever she be hidden ;
Speak, Love, be not afraid,
But plead as thou art bidden ;
And say, that he who taught thee
His yearning want and pain,
Too dearly, dearly bought thee
To part with thee in vain.

William Cory.

JANUARY 29th

PASSION, when it mates with true love, is lost in its own exquisiteness. To take thought about itself, to stammer, blunder and calculate, or to look for the spiritual or emotional wherewithal with which it can express itself, is to fall short of its own inspiration. It must forget all things by remembering only its need to become itself through the equal need of another. It must for the hour dwell in a world given over to those things which are profoundly deep, profoundly real and profoundly simple. From such hours youth is renewed, life is consecrated and the world gains through the joyfulness of two made utterly one.

E. M. O. E.

JANUARY 30th

THE sense of the world is short,—
Long and various the report,—
To love and be beloved.
Men and gods have not outlearned it ;
And, how oft soe'er they've turned it,
'Twill not be improved.

Emerson.

JANUARY 31st

WHEN a belovèd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare
Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafened ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caressed,—
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would
we know !

A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race,
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

· *Matthew Arnold.*

FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY 1st

A S the dawn loves the sunlight I love thee.
Swinburne.

FEBRUARY 2nd

WOE for the loveless lives ! for passion-free
In word and work a man doth feeble things.
Mine is a sluggard soul ; yet kenning thee,
Quicker than lightning forth I speed on
wings.

So follow sweet desire, nor turn to flee :—

‘ Love gives the soul her edge,’ the wise man sings.

*From the Greek Anthology,
translated by Dr. A. J. Butler.*

FEBRUARY 3rd

LOVE me not for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever :
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever !

Anonymous.

FEBRUARY 4th

EACH looked on each,
Up in the midst a truth grew without speech.
Robert Browning.

FEBRUARY 5th

WHEN she appeared in any place, it seemed to me, by the hope of her excellent salutation, that there was no man mine enemy any longer ; and such warmth of charity came upon me that most certainly in that moment I would have pardoned whosoever had done me an injury ; and if one should then have questioned me concerning any matter, I could only have said unto him ' Love,' with a countenance clothed in humbleness. . . . And when this most gentle lady gave her salutation, Love, so far from being a medium beclouding mine intolerable beatitude, then bred in me such an overpowering sweetness that my body, being all subjected thereto, remained many times helpless and passive.

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

FEBRUARY 6th

LOVE is enough : ho ye who seek saving,
Go no further ; come hither ; there have
been who have found it,
And these know the House of Fulfilment of Craving ;
These know the Cup with the roses around it ;
These know the World's Wound and the balm
that hath bound it :
Cry out, the World heedeth not, ' Love, lead us
home ! '

William Morris.

FEBRUARY 7th

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-seasoned showers are to the
ground ;

And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found ;
Now proud as an enjoyer and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then bettered that the world may see my pleasure ;
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight
And by and by clean starvèd for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took :
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

Shakespeare.

FEBRUARY 8th

NO outward sign I ask of Love's awaking,
No doubt or question come from me to thee !
When once our eyes have met, all else
forsaking,

Not Death itself shall set our spirits free !
For each one hope, one language, there will be—
Our souls shall meet in silence and none hear
The swift response that maketh all things clear.

C. W. Wynne.

FEBRUARY 9th

SPOUSE ! Sister ! Angel ! Pilot of the Fate
Whose course has been so starless ! O too late
Beloved, O too soon adored, by me !

For in the fields of immortality
My spirit should at first have worshipped thine,
A divine presence in a place divine ;
Or should have moved beside it on this earth,
A shadow of that substance, from its birth ;
But not as now.—I love thee ; yes, I feel
That on the fountain of my heart a seal
Is set, to keep its waters pure and bright
For thee, since in those tears thou hast delight.

Shelley.

FEBRUARY 10th

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer,
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

Edmund Waller.

FEBRUARY 11th

HOW many times do I love thee, dear ?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity :—
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again ?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of evening rain,
Unravelling from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star :—
So many times do I love again !

Thomas Lovell Beddoes.

FEBRUARY 12th

I HAVE no word to tell you
The beauty of her face ;
From her a wedding garment
Would win a grace.

And as the glow of moonrise
Will make the east divine,
Doth Soul, the radiant dweller,
Her face outshine.

Mrs. Peabody Marks.

FEBRUARY 13th

WITH your fair eyes a charming light I see,
For which my own blind eyes would peer
in vain,

Stayed by your feet the burden I sustain
Which my lame feet find all too strong for me ;
Wingless upon your pinions forth I fly ;
Heavenward your spirit stirreth me to strain ;
E'en as you will, I blush and blanch again,
Freeze in the sun, burn 'neath a frosty sky.
Your will includes and is the lord of mine ;
Life to my thoughts within your heart is given ;
My words begin to breathe upon your breath :
Like to the moon am I, that cannot shine
Alone ; for lo ! our eyes see nought in heaven
Save what the living sun illumineth.

Michael Angelo, translated by J. Addington Symonds.

FEBRUARY 14th

J'AI peur d'un baiser
Comme d'une abeille.
Je souffre et je veille
Sans me reposer.
J'ai peur d'un baiser !

.

C'est Saint-Valentin !
Je dois et je n'ose
Lui dire au matin . . .
La terrible chose
Que Saint-Valentin !

Elle m'est promise,
Fort heureusement !
Mais quelle entreprise,
Que d'être un amant
Près d'une promise !

J'ai peur d'un baiser
Comme d'une abeille.
Je souffre et je veille
Sans me reposer :
J'ai peur d'un baiser !

Verlaine.

FEBRUARY 15th

SET me as a seal upon thine heart,
As a seal upon thine arm :

For love is strong as death ;
Jealousy is cruel as the grave :
The coals thereof are coals of fire,
Which hath a most vehement flame.

Many waters cannot quench love,
Neither can the floods drown it :
If a man would give all the substance of his house
for love,
It would utterly be contemned.

The Song of Songs.

FEBRUARY 16th

DEAR, if you change, I'll never choose again ;
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love ;
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain ;
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
Dear, sweet, fair, wise ! change, shrink, nor be
not weak ;
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner heaven adorn ;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's dim globe
shall move ;
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born ;
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall prove ;
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world transformed
shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith or strange to you.

John Dowland.

FEBRUARY 17th

SET me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice ;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen ;
In presence pressed of people mad or wise ;
Set me in high or yet in low degree ;
In longest night, or in the shortest day ;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be ;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are grey ;
Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill or dale, or in the foaming flood ;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick or in health, in evil fame or good ;
Hers will I be ; and only with this thought
Content myself, although my chance be nought.

Earl of Surrey.

FEBRUARY 18th

BUT were I loved, as I desire to be,
What is there in the great sphere of the earth,
And range of evil between death and birth,
That I should fear,—if I were loved by thee ?
All the inner, all the outer world of pain
Clear Love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert
mine,
As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,
Fresh water springs come up through bitter brine.
'Twere joy, not fear, claspt hand-in-hand with thee,
To wait for death—mute—careless of all ills,
Apart upon a mountain, though the surge
Of some new deluge from a thousand hills
Flung leagues of roaring foam into the gorge
Below us, as far as eye could see.

Tennyson.

FEBRUARY 19th

MY feet are winged, while o'er the dewy lawn
I meet my maiden risen like the morn.
Oh, bless those holy feet, like angel's feet ;
Oh, bless those limbs, beaming with heavenly light !

Like as an angel glittering in the sky
In times of innocence and holy joy ;
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song
To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So, when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear ;
So, when we walk, nothing impure comes near ;
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat,
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

Blake.

FEBRUARY 20th

TELL me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before ;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with Beauty's grace and Virtue's store ?
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
Her paps like lilies budded,
Her snowy neck like to a marble tower ;
And all her body like a palace fair,
Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
To Honour's seat and Chastity's sweet bower.
Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring ?

Spenser.

FEBRUARY 21st

I MUST not think of thee ; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—
The love of thee—and in the heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song.

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet
bright ;
But it must never, never come in sight ;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,—
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Mrs. Meynell.

FEBRUARY 22nd

A N adoration and a sacrifice,
An aureole outrayed upon her brow,
As in a silver saint of Paradise ;
A pearly necklace round a throat of snow.

Turn not the splendour of thine eyes aside,
Though night and all her shadows are deceased ;
Thy glance is as the mornings to divide
The pillared chambers of the glowing east.

The clear blue heaven returns in all my soul
Dim cloud and dense forebodings haste away :
I fear no hidden rock, no ragged shoal,
I ride at anchor in a glassy bay.

My life is as a wood, where owls and jays
Hoot in the heavy boughs, and magpies rail.
Till I am weary, then, beyond all praise,
I hear thy rapture, and my nightingale.

Lord de Tabley.

FEBRUARY 23rd

A WOMAN—whose soul renders the common air sweet, and makes what is spiritual seem as simple and natural as sunlight on the sea.

Oscar Wilde.

FEBRUARY 24th

DEAR Love, good-night. And, tender sleep,
Seal up her lids like these drowsed flowers,
To make day fair when they unclose.
Be hushed around her, night, and keep
Thy silent guard on her repose :
But speed thine hours.

Dear Love, sleep on. This weary space
I wake and long for day and thee.
And count the slow stars from their west.
Sleep while I hunger for thy face.
Sleep, dearest, in unbroken rest :
But dream of me.

Augusta Webster.

FEBRUARY 25th

RIGHT from the hand of God her spirit came
Unstained, and she hath ne'er forgotten
whence

It came, nor wandered far from thence,
But laboreth to keep her still the same,
Near to her place of birth, that she may not
Soil her white raiment with an earthly spot. . . .
For this I love her great soul more than all,
That, being bound, like us, with earthly thrall,
She walks so bright and Heaven-wise therein—
Too wise, too meek, too womanly, to sin.

J. R. Lowell.

FEBRUARY 26th

WHAT is the thing for which I love thee best ?
It taxes me to say ; but this I know,
Thy tender regal beauty moves me so
That my heart beats and leaps within my breast,
As might the sea 'twixt narrow shores compressed.
Haply for this, or smiles that come and go
About thy mouth, or music sweet and low
Of thy clear voice, wherein is perfect rest,
Or for high intellect, that as a light
Lights up thy heart that straight illumines thy face,
Or for thy soul's deep tenderness that flows
Through every tone, and lingers in thy gaze—
For these known things I love with all my might,
And for the things beyond which no man knows.

Philip Bourke Marston.

FEBRUARY 27th

SLOW grey eye and languid mien,
Brows as thin as stroke of quill,
Cheeks of white with scarlet through them,
Och ! it's through them I am ill.

Luscious mouth, and honey breath,
Chalk-white teeth, and very small,
Lovely nose and little chin,
Neck white thin and swan-like all.

Pure white hand and shapely finger,
Limbs that linger like a song ;
Music speaks in every motion
Of my sea-mew warm and young.

Rounded breasts and lime-white bosom,
Like a blossom, touched of none,
Stately form and slender waist,
Far more graceful than the swan.

*The Love Songs of Connacht,
translated by Douglas Hyde.*

FEBRUARY 28th

BUT there danced she, who from the leaven
Of ill preserved my heart and wit

All unawares, for she was heaven,

Others at best but fit for it.

One of those lovely things she was

In whose least action there can be

Nothing so transient but it has

An air of immortality.

I marked her step, with peace elate,

Her brow more beautiful than morn,

Her sometime look of girlish state

Which sweetly waived its right to scorn ;

The giddy crowd, she gave the while,

Although, as 'twere beyond her will,

Around her mouth the baby smile

That she was born with, lingered still.

Her ball dress seemed a breathing mist,

From the fair form exhaled and shed,

Raised in the dance with arm and wrist

All warmth and light, unbraceleted.

Her motion, feeling 'twas beloved,

The pensive soul of tune expressed

And, oh ! what perfume as she moved,

Came from the flowers in her breast !

Coventry Patmore.

FEBRUARY 29th

A SLEEP ! O sleep a little while, white pearl !
And let me kneel and let me pray to thee,
And let me call Heaven's blessings on
thine eyes,
And let me breathe into the happy air,
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,
My sudden adoration, my great love !

Keats.

MARCH

MARCH 1st

LOVE me a little, love me as thou wilt,
Whether a draught it be of passionate wine
Poured with both hands divine,
Or just a cup of water spilt
On dying lips and mine.
Give me the love thou wilt,
The Purity, the Guilt,
So it be thine.

Love me a little. Let it be thy cheek
With its red signals, that were dear to kiss ;
Or, if thou mayest not this,
A finger-tip my own to seek
At nightfall when none other guess.
Eyes have the wit to speak,
And sighs send messages :
Even give less.

Love me a little. Let it be in words
Of happy omen heralding thy choice,
Or in a veiled sad voice
Of warning like a frightened bird's.
How should I not rejoice
Though swords be crossed with swords
And discord mar love's chords,
And tears thy voice ?

Love me a little. All my world thou art.
Thy much were Heaven : thy little Earth shall be.
If not Eternity,
Then Time be mine, the human part,

A single hour with thee.
Love as thou wilt and art,
With all or half a heart
So thou love me.

W. S. Blunt.

MARCH 2nd

DOUBT thou the stars are fire ;
Doubt that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt I love.

Shakespeare.

MARCH 3rd

THOU would'st be loved,—Then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not ;
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

Edgar Allen Poe.

MARCH 4th

THE first upraisèd look in which
Thy spirit met with mine
Assailed my long accustomed brow
Like sudden flush of wine !

The bars and barriers fled away
That kept my spirit whole ;
They gaspt to let the vision by
That passed into my soul—

Thy gentle Image, entering in,
To take by leaveless grace,
A Citadel I had not known,
An undivinèd place !

And still—of all the nameless things
For which I worship thee,
Is this the strangest, that Thyself
Betrayed Myself to me !

Alice M. Buckton.

MARCH 5th

I LIKE her gentle hand that sometimes strays,
To find the place, through the same book with
mine ;

I like her feet ; and oh, those eyes divine !
And when we say farewell, perhaps she stays
Love-linging—then hurries on her ways,
As if she thought, ‘ To end my pain and thine.’
I like her voice better than new-made wine ;
I like the mandolin whereon she plays,
And I like, too, the cloak I saw her wear,
And the red scarf that her white neck doth cover,
And well I like the door that she comes through ;
I like the riband that doth bind her hair—
But then, in truth, I am that lady’s lover,
And every new day there is something new.

Richard Watson Gilder.

MARCH 6th

WHEN around thee the sunbeams are shaken,
And thou barest thy breast,
Would I were the wind to be taken
To breathe there at rest.
'Greek Anthology,' translated by Dr. A. J. Butler.

MARCH 7th

LOVE me or not, love her I must or die ;
Leave me or not, follow her needs must I.
O that her grace would my wished comforts
give !

How rich in her, how happy I should live !

All my desire, all my delight should be
Her to enjoy, her to unite to me ;
Envy should cease, her would I love alone :
Who loves by looks, is seldom true to one.

Could I enchant, and that it lawful were,
Her would I charm softly that none should hear.
But love enforced rarely yields firm content,
So would I love that neither should repent.

Thomas Campion.

MARCH 8th

I WOULD from truth my lady's praise supply,
Resembling her to lily and to rose ;
Brighter than morning's lucid star she shows,
And fair as that which fairest is on high.
To the blue wave I liken her, and sky,
All colour that with pink and crimson glows,
Gold, silver and rich stones : nay, lovelier grows
E'en love itself, when she is standing by.
She passeth on so gracious and so mild,
One's pride is quenched, and one, if sick, is well :
And they believe, who from the faith did err ;
And none may near her come by harm defiled ;
A mightier virtue have I yet to tell ;
No man may think of evil seeing her.

Guido Guinicelli, translated by H. F. Cary.

MARCH 9th

ONE made to love you, let the world take note !
Have I done worthy work ? be love's the
praise,

Though hampered by restrictions, barred against
By set forms, blinded by forced secrecies !
Set free my love and see what love can do
Shown in my life—what work will spring from
that !

The world is used to have its business done
On other grounds, find great effects produced
For power's sake, fame's sake, motives in men's
mouth.

So, good : but let my low ground shame their high !
Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true !
And love's the truth of mine. Time prove the rest !
I choose to wear you stamped all over me,
Your name upon my forehead and my breast,
You, from the sword's blade to the ribbon's edge,
That men may see, all over, you in me.
That pale loves may die out of their pretence
In face of mine, shames thrown on love fall off.

Robert Browning.

MARCH 10th

AH! what else had I to do but love you? God's
own mother was less dear to me,
And less dear the Cytheræan rising like an
argent lily from the sea.

Oscar Wilde.

MARCH 11th

YOU had the power
My wandering thoughts first to restrain,
You first did hear my love speak plain !
A child before,
Now is it grown
Confirmed, do you it keep,
And let it safe in your bosom sleep,
There ever made your own !

Thomas Campion.

MARCH 12th

I THINK of thee in watches of the night,
I feel thee near ;
Like mystic lamps consumed with too much
light
Mine eyes burn clear.

The barriers that divide us in the day
And hide from view,
Like idle cobwebs now are brushed away
Between us two.

I probe the deep recesses of my mind
Without control,
And in its inmost labyrinth I find
My own lost soul.

No longer like an exile on the Earth
I wildly roam,
I was thy double from the hour of birth
And thou my home.

Mathilde Blind.

MARCH 13th

BEAUTY clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells ;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And came to honour nothing else.

Where to live near,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new ;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss,—
Make me live by serving you !

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A stranger to himself and all ;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the glory :
I am your servant and your thrall.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

MARCH 14th

I F I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear !
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly :
I'm always with you in my sleep !
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I ?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids :
So I love to wake ere break of day :
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

S. T. Coleridge.

MARCH 15th

WE—are we not formed, as notes of music are,
For one another, though dissimilar ?
Such difference without discord as can make
Those sweetest sounds in which all spirits shake,
As trembling leaves in a continuous air.

Shelley.

MARCH 16th

MY lady seems of ivory,
Forehead, straight nose and cheeks that be
Hollowed a little mournfully.

Beata mea Domina!

Her forehead, overshadowed much
By bows of hair, has a wave such
As God was good to make for me,

Beata mea Domina!

Beneath her brows the lids fall slow
The lashes a clear shadow throw
Where I would wish my lips to be.

Beata mea Domina!

Her great eyes, standing far apart,
Draw up some memory from her heart,
And gaze out very mournfully ;

Beata mea Domina!

All men that see her any time
I charge you straightly in this rhyme,
What, and wherever you may be,

Beata mea Domina!—

So kneel before her ; as for me,
I choke and grow quite faint to see
My lady moving graciously

Beata mea Domina!

William Morris.

MARCH 17th

HER neck like the lime,
And her breath like the thyme,
And her bosom untroubled
By care or by time.
Like a bird in the night
At a great blaze of light,
Astounded and wounded
I swoon at her sight.

Since I gave thee my love,
I gave thee my love,
I gave thee my love,
O thou berry so bright ;
The sun in her height
Looked on with delight,
And between thy two arms, may
I die on the night.

And I would that I were
In the glens of the air,
Or in dark dismal valleys
Where the wild wood is bare ;
What a kiss from her there
I should coax without care,
From my star of the morning,
My fairer than fair !

A Phoenix of flame,
Or a Helen of fame,
Is the pearl of all pearls
Of girls who came,

And who kindled a flame
In my bosom : her name
I have rhymed her in Irish,
To heighten her fame.

'Love Songs of Connacht,' translated by Douglas Hyde.

MARCH 18th

NOW do I know that love is blind, for I
Can see no beauty on this beauteous earth,
No life, no light, no hopefulness, no mirth,
Pleasure nor purpose, when thou art not nigh.
Thy absence exiles sunshine from the sky,
Seres Spring's maturity, checks Summer's birth,
Leaves linnet's pipe as sad as plover's cry,
And makes me in abundance find but dearth.
But when thy feet flutter the dark, and thou
With orient eyes dawnest on my distress,
Suddenly sings a bird on every bough,
The heavens expand, the earth grows less and less,
The ground is buoyant as the ether now,
And all looks lovely in thy loveliness.

Alfred Austin.

MARCH 19th

IT is the mystery of Lovers that they are to one another as the Gates of Paradise.

By her, and by her only, can he enter :

By him alone can she become enfranchised and find peace.

Each to the other is the Holy Gate that opens on Life's Garden.

Yet is it not the Garden.

Resting in their delight, content in one another,

They stand but at the Gate,

Enjoying from afar where, entering, they should dwell.

Henry Bryan Binns.

MARCH 20th

L OVE seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

Blake.

MARCH 21st

AND yet Love is as beautiful a thing
As ever set white feet on mortal strand ;
And finds us, dropping down on heavenly
wing,

And, smiling welcome, grasps us by the hand.
And when the days of unskilled youth are gone,
And wasted like the sunset clouds away,
If we forsake not Love, he will put on
A holier show, and leave his youthful play.
He will disclaim the witchery of his charms,
And lose his aimless arrows in the brine ;
And clasp us grandly in his kingly arms,
And win our secrets, and be all divine ;
And us, as he bore Psyche, snatch afar,
To where care dies and wishes blessings are.

Thomas Ashe.

MARCH 22nd

I DARE not say I take you, but I give
Me and my service ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.

Shakespeare.

MARCH 23rd

FOR loving a seraph in heaven
My hopes of heaven are gone.
Well ! we cannot have two heavens
And I am content with one.

Ah, how I wish, my darling,
That I could become thin air.
I would pass through the walls of your chamber
And fold myself round you there.

You have sent me a beautiful letter
With a little girdle of blue ;
But I do not want girdle or letter,
It is you, I want, Dear, you !

People think we are not lovers,
For we never talk or meet.
They would be a little wiser
If they saw our hearts, my sweet !
Spanish Folk Songs, translated by Havelock Ellis.

MARCH 24th

O WOULD I were the cool wind that's blowing
from the sea,
Each loneliest valley I would search till
I should come to thee.

In the dew on the grass is your name, dear, i' the
leaf on the tree.

O would I were the cool wind that's blowing from
the sea.

Fiona Macleod.

MARCH 25th

I CAN trust thee throughout the common day,
Close by my side or absent far away,
Meet with a quiet smile
Those who would thee revile
And so betray.

I can trust thee where Sleep's wide wings extend,
When only closing lids my soul defend
From chance or charm,
And ghostly harm,
Or evil trend.

I can trust thee when fever's fiery blast
Tears through the blood, and, reason overcast,
Earth sinks away,
Night follows day,
And dreams whirl past.

I could trust thee to guide my lonely soul
Through gulfs of space where great stars roll
To Heaven's bright door,
Where we once more
Shall be one whole.

George Ives.

MARCH 26th

O H! let me love my love unto myself alone,
And know my knowledge to the world
unknown ;

No witness to my vision call,

Beholding unbeheld of all ;

And worship thee, with thee withdrawn apart,

Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,

Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

Arthur H. Clough.

MARCH 27th

STRANGE that one lightly-whispered tone
Is far, far sweeter unto me
Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,
Or breathe along the sea ;
But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And nought but empty air I see ;
But when I turn me to thine eyes,
It seemeth unto me
Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

MARCH 28th

I HAVE heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part ;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

S. T. Coleridge.

MARCH 29th

ONLY but yesterday
She was as cold as ice,
As any marble still,
Her eyes were pale and gray
As though for sacrifice ;
I little ever thought to see her so ;
But as I came,
Her loving will
Filled her sweet features, as an after-
glow
Fills the gray skies with flame.

'Tis ever strange to me,
When she is sad at heart,
Where her deep dimples go,
And like a mystery
When back again they start.
How can my hand move quicker than my
eyes,
Which are too slow
To disentwine
The least of all the sweet intricacies
Of her face which is mine ?

And yet I sometimes think
'Tis just because I love her
I cannot draw her face,
Because upon the brink
I hang till all is over,
The fingers waiting for the soul's release.

If for the space
I see my love
My mouth is voiceless till the vision cease,
How shall my fingers move ?
Cosmo Monkhouse.

MARCH 30th

SEE the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my Lady rideth !

Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.

As she goes, all hearts do duty

Unto her beauty ;

And enamoured, do wish so they might

But enjoy such a sight,

That they still were to run by her side,

Through swords, through seas, whither she would
ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light

All that Love's world compriseth !

Do but look on her hair, it is bright

As Love's star when it riseth !

Do but mark, her forehead's smother

Than words that soothe her !

And from her arched brows, such a grace

Sheds itself through the face,

As alone there triumphs to the life

All the gain, all the good, of the element's strife.

Ben Jonson.

MARCH 31st

HOW many a lonely caravan sets out
On its long journey o'er the desert, Doubt,
Yet comes back home laden with ivory,
With gold, and gums, and scarfs from oversea.

So went my lonely heart forth on its quest ;
Through torrid wastes and parchèd ways it pressed,
Empty and sad it left the city gate,
But came back with your precious love for freight !

Charles Hanson Towne.

APRIL

APRIL 1st

PACK, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each bill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow !
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow,
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow !

Thomas Heywood.

APRIL 2nd

YE tradeful merchants, that, with weary toil,
Do seek most precious things to make your
gain ;

And both the Indias of their treasure spoil ;

What needeth you to seek so far in vain ?

For lo, my Love doth in herself contain

All this world's riches that may far be found :

If sapphires, lo, her eyes be sapphires plain ;

If rubies, lo, her lips be rubies sound ;

If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round ;

If ivory, her forehead ivory ween ;

If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground ;

If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen :

But that which fairest is, but few behold,

Her mind adorned with virtues manifold.

Spenser.

APRIL 3rd

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind ;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles ;
Beguiles my heart I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die. . . .

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change ;
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

T. Ford.

APRIL 4th

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be ;
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree ;
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Herrick.

APRIL 5th

SAY, crimson Rose and dainty Daffodil
With Violet blue ;
Since you have seen the beauty of my saint,
And eke her view ;
Did not her sight (fair sight !) you lonely fill,
With sweet delight
Of goddess' grace and angel's sacred teint
In fine, most bright ?

Say, golden Primrose, sanguine Cowslip fair,
With Pink most fine,
Since you beheld the visage of my dear
And eyes divine ;
Did not her globy front, and glistening hair,
With Cheeks most sweet,
So gloriously like damask flowers appear,
The gods to greet ?

Say, snow-white Lily, speckled Gillyflower,
With Daisy gay ;
Since ye have viewed the Queen of my desire,
In her array ;
Did not her ivory paps, fair Venus' bower,
With heavenly glee,
A Juno's grace, conjure you to require
Her face to see ?

John Reynolds.

APRIL 6th

THE little songs which come and go
In tender measures, to and fro,
Whene'er the day brings you to me,
Keep my heart full of melody.

But on my lute I strive in vain
To play the music o'er again,
And you, dear love, will never know
The little songs which come and go.

Dollie Radford.

APRIL 7th

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear ;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

.
She is a woman ; one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

J. R. Lowell.

APRIL 8th

I HAVE a mistress, for perfections rare
In every eye but in my thoughts most fair.
Like tapers on the altar shine her eyes ;
Her breath is the perfume of sacrifice,
And wheresoe'er my fancy would begin,
Still her perfection lets religion in.
We sit and talk, and kiss away the hours,
As chastely as the morning dews kiss flowers.
I touch her, like my beads, with devout care,
And come unto my courtship as my prayer.

Thomas Randolph.

APRIL 9th

TO see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever ;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither !

The Deil he couldna scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee ;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, ' I canna wrang thee ! '

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune shallna steer thee ;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Robert Burns.

APRIL 10th

TRUST thou thy Love : if she be proud, is she
not sweet ?

Trust thou thy Love : if she be mute, is
she not pure ?

Lay thou thy soul full in her hands, low at her
feet ;

Fail, Sun and Breath !—yet for thy peace, she
shall endure.

John Ruskin.

APRIL 11th

YOUR breath is like soft music, your words
are the echoes of a voice which on my
heart sleeps like a melody of early days.

Shelley.

APRIL 12th

O LAY your little hands upon my hands ;
Let twining fingers soft as reeds that sway
O'er lone lake water through a summer day
Creep o'er my sense, as in the noonday heat
The wraith of God steals over human lands,
Touch me and veil me from bowed head to feet
With spiritual vesture terrible and sweet.

O let your eyes rest long upon mine eyes ;
Within the wreathing circle of their shade
Pale moons of tenderness arise and fade
To tenfold gentler loveliness of night ;
And solemn star-light trembles there and dies,
Revealing deeper wells where mirrored light
Of God's wings fleck the waters gold and white.

Dermot O'Byrne.

APRIL 13th

GOD made you, surely, in some mood
Of infinite and perfect rest,
A thought of strange beatitude
Made human for a human breast.

Your beauty is as pure as air,
No slightest fleck or flaw therein,
So gentle that it seems a snare
Too subtle to entangle sin.

C. Kennett Burrow.

APRIL 14th

TO God it is I pray
(Praying both night and day)
Not to leave me pining, but to guide me on
my way ;

Oh, come my love to-day
Where the ravens seek their prey,
We shall sorrow in the valley where you set my
heart astray.

For gone it is and strayed,
My love is on a maid,
I know her nine times sweeter than the cuckoo in
the glade,
Or thrush within the shade,
Or blackbird when he played
His sweetest notes to cheer us, for my heart is
betrayed.

Oh, have you heard them say
How arch and bright and gay
Is my lady, how she writes with a pen in her
play ?
There is not, so they say,
In France or Spain to-day,
A man who would not leap to take the hand of
my may.

Girls I'd get, I swear,
Who silk and satins wear,
Hats both dark and glossy, and rings rich and rare ;

But see, I leave them there,
Thou only art my care,
Sister of Antrim's Earldom, so fragrant and so fair.
 'The Love Songs of Connacht,'
 translated by Douglas Hyde.

APRIL 15th

FAR more than I was wont myself I prize :
With you within my heart I rise in rate,
Just as a gem engraved with delicate
Devices o'er the uncut stone doth rise ;
Or as a painted sheet exceeds in price
Each leaf left pure and in its virgin state :
Such then am I since I was consecrate
To be the mark for arrows from your eyes.

Stamped with your seal I'm safe where'er I go,
Like one who carries charms or coat of mail
Against all dangers that his life assail.
Nor fire nor water now may work me woe ;
Sight to the blind I can restore by you,
Heal every wound, and every loss renew.

Michael Angelo, translated by J. Addington Symonds.

APRIL 16th

FOR certain he hath seen all perfectness
Who among other ladies hath seen mine ;
They that go with her humbly should
combine

To thank their God for such peculiar grace,
So perfect is the beauty of her face,
That it begets in no wise any sign
Of envy, but draws round her a clear line
Of love, and blessèd faith, and gentleness.
Merely the sight of her makes all things bow :
Not she herself alone is holier
Than all ; but hers, through her, are raised above.
From all her acts such lovely graces flow
That truly one may never think of her
Without a passion of exceeding love.

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

APRIL 17th

LOVE in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes, he makes his nest ;
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast ;
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah ! wanton ! will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he,
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing ;
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
Whist ! wanton ! will ye ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O, Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee !

Thomas Lodge.

APRIL 18th

GIVE place, ye Ladies ! All be gone !
Show not yourselves at all !
For why ? Behold ! there cometh one,
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her looks
Excels the precious stone ;
Ye need no other books
To read, or look upon.

In each of her two eyes
There smiles a naked boy ;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see those lamps of joy. . . .

I think Nature hath lost the mould,
Where she her form did take ;
Or else I doubt that Nature could
So fair a creature make. . . .

She doth as far exceed
These women nowadays ;
As doth the flower the weed ;
And more, a thousand ways !

This praise I shall her give !
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall live
Within the mouth of man !

John Heywood.

APRIL 19th

A RT thou not void of guile,
A lovely soul formed to be blest and bless ?
A well of sealed and secret happiness,
Whose waters like blithe light and music are,
Vanquishing dissonance and gloom ? A Star
Which moves not in the moving Heavens, alone ?
A smile amid dark frowns ? A gentle tone
Amid rude voices ? A beloved light ?
A Solitude, a Refuge, a Delight ?
A Lute, which those whom love has taught to play
Make music on, to soothe the roughest day
And lull fond grief asleep ? A buried treasure ?
A cradle of young thoughts of wingless pleasure ?

Shelley.

APRIL 20th

WHAT is her playing like ?

I ask—while dreaming here under her
music's power.

'Tis like the leaves of the dark passion-flower
Which grows on a strong vine whose roots, oh, deep
they sink,
Deep in the ground, that flower's pure life to drink.

What is her playing like ?

'Tis like a bird

Who, singing in a wild wood, never knows
That its lone melody is heard
By wandering mortal, who forgets his heavy woes.

Richard Watson Gilder.

APRIL 21st

O N thee the cords that hold my life are laid,
On thee, my utmost breath of being stayed.
By thy bright face and eyes which speak
so clear,

That men may understand who cannot hear,
One cloud upon thy brow doth winter bring,
One sunny glance again makes sweetest spring.

'Greek Anthology,' translated by Dr. A. J. Butler.

APRIL 22nd

GOOD-NIGHT ? Ah ! no ; the hour is ill
Which severs those it should unite ;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be good night.

How can I call the lone night good,
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight ?
Be it not said, thought, understood,—
Then it will be good night.

The hearts which near each other move
From evening close to morning light,
The night is good ; because, my love,
They never say ' good-night.'

Shelley.

APRIL 23rd

BETWIXT mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other :
When that mine eye is famished for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
And to the painted banquet bids my heart ;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part ;
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them and they with thee ;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

Shakespeare.

APRIL 24th

AND what is Love ?—Hath ever man defined ?—
So small a word, and yet so wonderful !
The sweetest of the mysteries enshrined
Within the temple of the human soul—
A power no face can fetter, Time control,
Whose mystic arms encircle land and sea,
Lighting the great deeps of Eternity.

Love is an union of eyes and heart,
Each bound in willing service to the other,
No sooner doth the eye its joy impart
Than tears give answer for its silent brother—
Bright jewelled founts, in which we fain would
smother
The weakness and the rapture of our love,
Forgetful that the gift is from above !

C. W. Wynne.

APRIL 25th

WHAT joy hath yon glad wreath of flowers
that is

Around her golden hair so deftly twined,
Each blossom pressing forward from behind,
As though to be the first her brows to kiss !
The livelong day her dress hath perfect bliss,
That now reveals her breast, now seems to bind :
And that fair woven net of gold refined
Rests on her cheek and throat in happiness !
Yet still more blissful seems to me the band
Gilt at the tips, so sweetly doth it ring
And clasp the bosom that it serves to lace :
Yea, and the belt, to such as understand,
Bound round her waist, saith : here I'd ever cling !—
What would my arms do in that girdle's place ?

Michael Angelo, translated by J. Addington Symonds.

APRIL 26th

FOUR eyes met. There were changes in two souls. And now I cannot remember whether he is a man and I a woman, or he a woman and I a man. All I know is, there were two. Love came, and there is one.

From the Persian.

APRIL 27th

BY no man's choice it was we met,
As great things be,
Beyond the water-reeds that hid
Your path from me.
I saw you standing sudden there—
I said no word :
But in my breast my fluttering heart
Beat like a bird.
You took me in your arms so still,
You made me stay :
You kissed my mouth, you kissed my spirit
Free that day !
So long it seems my heart had been
A captive thing,
But with a touch you set it free,
And gave it wing !

Alice M. Buckton.

APRIL 28th

I F water were ink
And an inkpot the sea,
Still I could not write
All my love for thee.

In your hands you once raised water
As a cup to my lips to hold ;
The water was sweeter than wine,
The cup was better than gold.

If the sighs that arise from my breast
Should chance to meet on their way
The sighs that arise from yours,
What sweet little things they would say !

I would give a world for a look,
For a smile my heavenly bliss,
For a kiss—I cannot tell
What I would give for a kiss.

Spanish Folk Songs, translated by Havelock Ellis.

APRIL 29th

O, when I saw your eyes,
So old it was, so new, the hushed surprise :
After a long, long search, it came to be,
Home folded me.

Mrs. Peabody Marks.

APRIL 30th

LOVE is enough : though the World be a-waning
And the woods have no voice but the voice
of complaining,
Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to
discover
The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,
Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a
dark wonder,
And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed
over,
Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall
not falter ;
The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter,
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the
lover.

William Morris.

MAY

MAY 1st

O WERE my Love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring,
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing ;
How I wad mourn when it was torn
By autumn wild and winter rude !
But I wad sing on wanton wing
When youthfu' May its bloom renewed.

O gin my Love were yon red rose
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I myself a drap o' dew,
Into her bonnie breast to fa' ;
O there, beyond expression blest,
I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till fleyed awa' by Phœbus' light.

Burns.

MAY 2nd

DO you ask what the birds say? The sparrow,
the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, 'I love and I
love ! '

In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong ;
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm
weather,

And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings ; and for ever sings he—
' I love my Love, and my Love loves me.'

Coleridge.

MAY 3rd

THE Spring comes softly from the South beguiled,
 Bearing a garland for my Love to wear ;
 Laughing he cometh like a little child
 That joys to find a world so passing fair ;
 With heather-bells and kingcups everywhere,
And honeysuckle clusters,—he hath piled
 The sweet thyme budding on the mountains bare,
The fragrant meadow-blossom undefiled.

And I go singing on the uplands wild,
 So blithely singing in the morning air,—
The Spring comes softly from the South beguiled,
 Bearing a garland for my Love to wear.

Samuel Waddington.

MAY 4th

LOVE in her eyes sits playing
And sheds delicious death ;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath ;
Love on her breast sits panting
And swells with sweet desire :
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

John Gay.

MAY 5th

I DO not ask thee, Love, to make life sweet ;
All thou hast lain upon me I must bear :
Nor do I once again for any share
In things I once held dear ; but when I meet
With sore temptation, and my pulses beat
With bodily desire, and so despair
Half drags me from the path, and makes me fare
Like men whose lips her lips did never greet,—
In such an hour, stand close, and hear my call,
Lighten my darkness and sustain my feet :
Chain me in chains, which, if they bruise, control ;
That I may make this sacrifice complete,
Which is, indeed, no sacrifice at all
Except I yield the body with the soul.

Philip Bourke Marston.

MAY 6th

AH, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be comparèd to her note ;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's
bill,

Nor from the morning-singer's swelling throat.
Ah, when she riseth from her blissful bed,

She comforts all the world, as doth the sun,
And at her sight the night's foul vapour's fled ;

When she is set, the gladsome day is done.
O glorious sun, imagine me the west,
Shine in my arms, and set thou in my breast.

Robert Greene.

MAY 7th

NAY but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress ?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her ?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall ?

Because, you spend your lives in praising ;
To praise, you search the wide world over ;
Then why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her ?
Above this tress, and this, I touch
But cannot praise, I love so much !

Robert Browning.

MAY 8th

I LOVE you as the bee that sips
The flower's lips—

I love you as the summer grasses
Adore the sighing breeze that passes
Their waving tips—

I love you as the streams the Sun
That makes them sparkle as they run,
And turns the pebbles that they hold
To lumps of gold ;

And every day

That you're away

Is dull and weary, sad and cold.

Eugene and Annie Lee-Hamilton.

MAY 9th

WITHIN a primrose wood I lay content
Upon a certain blithe blue day of spring,
And, ever near, my lover came or went
And gathering violets ever did she sing.

So fair she was I laughed for love, and cried
‘ Still can I see how yesterday you stood,
Your whole fair frame rejoicing in its pride,
And lovelier than the whole spring—lovely wood ! ’

Ah, then she paused and coming where I sat
Smiled, and with one dear hand upon my head,
‘ O love, my love, may you remember that
When I am no more beautiful,’ she said.

Clifford Bax.

MAY 10th

YOU love me ! Is it a question of little or much ?
Is it not rather an entire new thought of
me that has entered your life, as the thought
of you entered mine months that seemed years
ago ? It was the seed then and seemed small :
but the whole life was there : and it has grown
and grown till now it is I who have become small
and have hardly room in me for the roots ; and
it seems to have gone so far up over my head that I
wonder if the stars know of my happiness.

' An Englishwoman's Love Letters.'

MAY 11th

AS drooping fern for dewdrops,
For flowers the bee,
Wave-weary birds for woodlands
Long I for thee.

As rivers seek the ocean,
Tired things their nest,
As storm-worn ships their haven
Seek I thy breast.

John Todhunter

MAY 12th

O N the hill top stands her house,
The little dainty room in it
Makes happy setting for my gem :—
With her simply-braided hair,
And her neck, as white as milk,
Or white lily on its stem.
These are secrets. O draw near !
If little birds should overhear,
They will whisper them.

I,—see ! going to her now,
Pluck these speedwells in the grass,
Which, so fragile, yet so fair,
Will, when I shall meet her soon,
Make quaint necklace for her neck,
Sweetly, and look sweeter there.
These are secrets. O draw near !
If little birds should overhear,
They'll no secret spare.

Thomas Ashe.

MAY 13th

MY faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of thy looks, my love ;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
Thy barb, whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight,
Bore thee far from me ;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

Ah ! fleeter far than fleetest storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought clothes like a dove
With the wings of care ;
In the battle, in the darkness, in the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

Shelley.

MAY 14th

I SAID to Love, 'Lo, one thing troubles me !
How shall I show the way in which I love ?
Is any word or look or kiss enough
To show to her my love's extremity ?
What is there I can say, or do, that she
May know the strength and utter depth thereof ?
For words are weak, such love as mine to prove,
Though I should pour them forth unceasingly.'
Then fell Love's smile upon me, as he said,
'Thou art a child in love, not knowing this ;
That could she know thy love by word or kiss,
Or gauge it by its show, 'twere all but dead ;
For not by bounds but shoreless distances,
Full knowledge of the sea is compassèd.'

Philip Bourke Marston.

MAY 15th

THERE was no change in her sweet eyes
 Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine ;
 There was no change in her deep heart
 Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
 Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain-drops
 From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
 Are fed with so divine an air,
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
 And they who walk there are most fair.
I joyed for me, I joyed for her,
 Who with the Past meet girt about :
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
 Nor can her eyes go out.

Francis Thompson.

MAY 16th

THERE is a laurel, thick and green ;
Two seats behind it stand.
We sit on one ; we are not seen :
So we clasp hand in hand.

The nightingale sings in the tree :
The laurel leaves sigh on.
The daylight wanes ; high up we see
The stars come one by one.

The dusk falls calm : the new moon smiles ;
The wind is scarce a breath :—
Our love is simple, like a child's :
Our love is strong as death.

Thomas Ashe.

MAY 17th

MY lady carries love within her eyes ;
All that she looks on is made pleasanter ;
Upon her path men turn to gaze at her ;
He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,
And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,
And of his evil heart is then aware :
Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshipper.
O women, help to praise her in somewise.
Humbleness, and the hope that hopeth well,
By speech of hers into the mind are brought,
And who beholds is blessèd oftenwhiles.
The look she hath when she a little smiles
Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought ;
'Tis such a new and golden miracle.

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

MAY 18th

SUCH a starved bank of moss
Till that May-morn
Blue ran the flash across :
Violets were born !

Sky—what a scowl of cloud
Till, near and far,
Ray on ray split the shroud
Splendid, a star !

World—how it walled about
Life with disgrace
Till God's own smile came out :
That was thy face !

Robert Browning.

MAY 19th

WE shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames, oh ! wherefore
two ?

One passion in twin hearts, which grows and grew,
Till, like two meteors of expanding flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
Touch, mingle, are transfigured ; ever still
Burning, yet ever unconsumable ;
In one another's substance finding food,
Like flames too pure, and light, and unimbued
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey,
Which point to heaven and cannot pass away :
One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one Immortality,
And one Annihilation !

Shelley.

MAY 20th

I KNOW not if I love her over much ;
But this I know, that when unto her face
She lifts her hand, which rests there, still,
a space,
Then slowly falls—'tis I who feel that touch,
And when she sudden shakes her head, with such
A look, I soon her secret meaning trace.
So when she runs I think 'tis I who race.
Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch
I am if she is gone ; and when she goes,
I know not why, for that is a strange art—
As if myself should from myself depart.
I know not if I love her more than these
Who long her light have known ; but for the rose
She covers in her hair, I'd give my heart.

Richard Watson Gilder.

MAY 21st

WITH whom she talks
She knights first with her smile ; she
walks,

Stands, dances, to such sweet effect
Alone she seems to move erect.
The brightest and the chastest brow
Rules o'er a cheek which seems to show
That love, as a mere vague suspense
Of apprehensive innocence,
Perturbs her heart ; love without aim
Or object, like the sunlit flame
That in the Vestal's Temple glowed,
Without the image of a god.
And this simplicity most pure
She sets off with no less allure
Of culture subtly skilled to raise
The power, the pride, and mutual praise
Of human personality
Above the common sort so high
It makes such homely souls as mine
Marvel how brightly life may shine.
How you would love her ! Even in dress
She makes the common mode express
New knowledge of what's fit so well
'Tis virtue gaily visible !
Nay, but her silken sash to me
Were more than all morality,
Had not the old, sweet, feverous ill
Left me the master of my will !

Coventry Patmore.

MAY 22nd

BUT give them me, the mouth, the eyes, the
brow !

Let them once more absorb me ! One look
now

Will lap me round for ever, not to pass
Out of its light though darkness lie beyond :
Hold me but safe again within the bond

Of one immortal look ! All woe that was,
Forgotten, and all terror that may be,
Defied,—no past is mine, no future : look at me !

Robert Browning.

MAY 23rd

SHALL I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Some time too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed ;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his
shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Shakespeare.

MAY 24th

HAD I a painter's skill,
There are no changeless lines
That could its grace imprison,
But as I laboured still
To trace its sweet confines,
Ever some quick spontaneous light,
As of a star,
Or sun new-risen,
Would change the cold to warm, the dull to bright,
And all my labour mar.

Ever some secret missed,
Some swift-escaping glow,
Some one look in the eyes,
Some strange smile never kissed,
Would melt as melting snow ;
That even were my pencil quicker
Than wind or wing,
Or could it rise
And fall as shadows to the leaves' least flicker,
It were a useless thing.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

MAY 25th

SILENT and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay, busy throng,
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes.

Cowper.

MAY 26th

'T WAS not thy smile that bribed my partial
reason,

Though never maiden's smile was good as
thine :—

Nor did I to thy goodness wed my heart,
Dreaming of soft delights and honied kisses,
Although thou wert complete in every part,
A stainless paradise of holy blisses :
I loved thee for the lovely soul thou art,—
Thou canst not change so true a love as this is.

Hartley Coleridge.

MAY 27th

ALL thy laughter is to me
As the sunlight on the sea,
And to me thine every tear
Seems a crystal shining clear.

Thy sweet voice is sweeter far
Than the songs of Sirens are,
And the lips I love to kiss
Are like rosy gates of bliss.

Lovely looks and winsome ways,
These are thine, and these I praise.

Percy Osborn.

MAY 28th

LOVE hath great store of sweetness, and 'tis
well ;

A moment's heaven pays back an age of
hell :

All who have loved, be sure of this from me,
That to have touched one little ripple free
Of golden hair, or held a little hand
Very long since, is better than to stand
Rolled up in vestures stiff with golden thread,
Upon a throne o'er many a bowing head
Of adulators ; yea and to have seen
My lady walking in a garden green,
'Mid apple blossoms and green twisted boughs,
Along the golden gravel path, to house
Herself, where thou art watching far below,
Deep in thy bower impervious, even though
Thou never kiss her after that,
Is sweeter than to never break the flat
Of thy soul's rising, like a river tide
That never foams ; yea, if thy lady chide
Cruelly thy service, and indeed becomes
A wretch, whose false eyes haunt thee in all rooms,
'Tis better so than never to have been
An hour in love ; than never to have seen
Thine own heart's worthiness to shrink and shake
Like silver quick, all for thy lady's sake,
Weighty with truth, with gentleness as bright.

R. Watson Dixon.

MAY 29th

HAD I a thousand souls with which to love thee,
I'd throw them all, delighted, at thy feet ;
Had I uncounted gold wherewith to move
thee,

'Twould seem unworthy all, and incomplete :
I fain would be an Argus but to view thee,
And a Briareus round thy charms to cling ;
Another Orpheus to play music to thee,
A Homer thy perfections all to sing.
I would be May, to clothe thee with its splendour,
And Love itself adoring to caress thee ;
I'd call on fame, to speak my passion tender,
I'd fain be the world's king, to serve and bless
thee,
A sun to be thy light and thy defender,
And heaven itself forever to possess thee.

*From the Romancero de Miguel de Madrigal,
translated by Sir John Bowring.*

MAY 30th

LOVELY kind, and kindly loving,
Such a mind were worth the moving :
Truly fair, and fairly true,—
Where are all these but in you ?

Wisely kind, and kindly wise,
Blessèd life, where such love lies !
Wise and kind and fair and true ;—
Lovely live all these in you.

Sweetly dear and dearly sweet,
Blessèd, where these blessings meet !
Sweet, fair, wise, kind, blessed, true,—
Blessèd be all these in you !

Breton.

MAY 31st

THE world is full of woodmen who expel
Love's gentle dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

Shelley.

JUNE

JUNE 1st

I LOVED her in the name of God
And for the ray she was of Him ;
I ought to admire much more, not less ;
Her beauty was a godly grace ;
The mystery of loveliness,
Which made an altar of her face,
Was not of the flesh though that was fair,
But a most pure and living light
Without a name, by which the rare
And virtuous spirit flamed to sight.
Coventry Patmore.

JUNE 2nd

COME slowly, Eden !
Lips unused to thee,
Bashful, sip thy jasmynes,
As the fainting bee,

Reaching late his flower,
Round her chamber hums,
Counts his nectars—enters,
And is lost in balms !

Emily Dickinson.

JUNE 3rd

SWEET, can I sing you the song of your kisses ?
How soft is this one, how subtle this is,
How fluttering swift as a bird's kiss that is,
As a bird that taps at a leafy lattice ;
How this one clings and how that uncloses
From bud to flower in the way of roses ;
And this through laughter and that through weeping
Swims to the brim where Love lies sleeping ;
And this in a pout I snatch, and capture
That in the ecstasy of rapture,
When the odorous red-rose petals part
That my lips may find their way to the heart
Of the rose of the world, your lips, my rose.

But no song knows
The way of my heart to the heart of my rose.

Arthur Symons.

JUNE 4th

I REMEMBER we used to meet
By an ivied seat,
And you warbled each pretty word
With the air of a bird ;

And your voice had a quaver in it,
Just like a linnet,
And shook, as the blackbird's throat
With its last big note ;

And your eyes, they were green and grey
Like an April day,
But lit into amethyst
When I stooped and kissed ;

And your mouth, it would never smile
For a long, long while,
Then it rippled all over with laughter
Five minutes after.

You were always afraid of a shower,
Just like a flower ;
I remember you started and ran
When the rain began.

I remember I never could catch you,
For no one could match you,
You had wonderful, luminous, fleet,
Little wings to your feet.

Oscar Wilde.

JUNE 5th

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June ;
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I :
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

Robert Burns.

JUNE 6th

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
O ! belovèd as thou art.

O, lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Shelley.

JUNE 7th

A NIGHT of roses ! all the air was filled
With strange perfume and odours rare and
sweet,

When love came dancing with her wingèd feet,
From out thy heart to mine, my being thrilled
With new delight, and every fear was stilled.

O converse low ! O lips that meet and meet,
Sweet as the roses blown in love's retreat,
Sprung from the nectar that the gods had spilled.

A night of love ! A night of pure delight
With music throbbing through the perfumed air,
Roses blood-red, blush pink, and creamy white,
Sweet fragrant roses blooming everywhere ;
Strange flowers revealèd to our inner sight,
Immortal roses for my love to wear !

Ella Dietz.

JUNE 8th

COME, O come, my life's delight,
Let me not in languor pine !
Love loves no delay ; thy sight
The more enjoyed, the more divine !
O come, and take from me
The pain of being deprived of thee !

Thou all sweetness dost enclose,
Like a little world of bliss ;
Beauty guards thy looks, the rose
In them pure and eternal is :
Come, then, and make thy flight
As swift to me as heavenly light.

Thomas Campion.

JUNE 9th

BREATHES in the blossom-laden breath of
June

At the wide window : the midsummer night
Steals and shines in across its openness ;
The air that ripples through the room is rich
With old-distillèd starlight and moon dreams,
With meadow mysteries and garden thoughts :
All bright it flows about thee : beautiful
Thou standest. Like the reverent air I come
To touch thee and to worship ! Oh, in thee
Night murmurs her mysterious word : in thee
She tells her secret ! How this flesh of thine
Is all instinct with thee ! These lips whereto
Lean the day-roses sisterly—this breast
The moonlight chooses, and the odorous air
Draws into as it were its place of peace.
This hair that is playfellow of the winds—
These eyes whereof the solitary seas
The starry spaces, are companions :—
Thou hast inspired them all, they utter thee :
While every fair and meaning thing that claims
Fellowship with thy loveliness becomes
Transfigured into mystery and breathes
Wonder upon me even as thou.

Henry Bryan Binns.

JUNE 10th

SO glad am I, my only Love,
So glad that I could fly
Above the clouds and far enough—
Join hands, and let us try !

We'll watch the world that spins below
Amid a mist of stars ;
Along the milky way we'll go
Towards the heavenly bars.

And, smiling soft at one another,
Sweet angels looking o'er
Shall cry, ' These lovers love each other ;
Never were such before ! '

A. Mary Robinson.

JUNE 11th

LOVE, that sounds loud or light in all men's
ears,
Whence all men's eyes take fire from sparks
of tears,
That binds on all men's feet or chains or wings ;
Love, that is root and fruit of terrene things ;
Love, that the whole world's waters shall not
drown,
The whole world's fiery forces not burn down :
Love, that what time his own hands guard his head
The whole world's wrath and strength shall not
strike dead.

Swinburne.

JUNE 12th

I FEEL whenever I am close to you
As if your soul enchanted all I see :
You rid me of the self I would not be
And wake my spiritual self anew.

I feel that round you, soft and rainbow-hued
There glows an aura lit with love and peace,
And so perhaps as my own thoughts decrease
I win your rarefied and mystic mood.

It is as though I found an inner deep,
For when a little while ago you spoke
It seemed as if in every pine awoke
Some little soul that had been fast asleep ;

The forest filled with presences. There fell
On both of us a hush of solemn thought,—
How deep the veils of mystery are wrought,
How dreamlike is the world wherein we dwell.

Yet when we turn the spirit's light within
And realise our very selves at last,
The memory wakes of that primeval past
In which the stars and we had origin ;

Till pondering half in rapture, half in fear,
There rises up in us from hidden springs
A mightier mystery than all outward things,—
Or so it is I feel when you are near.

Even just now, as on the fern we trod
Or lingering laid our hands upon the pine,
I knew that near to me was one divine
And in your voice I heard the Voice of God.

Clifford Bax.

JUNE 13th

WHEN do I see thee most, beloved one ?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnise
The worship of that Love through thee made
known ?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone,)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own ?

O Love, my Love ! if I no more should see
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
The wind of Death's imperishable wing ?

D. G. Rossetti.

JUNE 14th

IF all those glittering monarchs that command
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of
land,

I would not change my fortunes for them all :
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin ;
The world's but theirs ; but my Belovèd's mine.

F. Quarles.

JUNE 15th

I LOVE thee, Dearest, for thine own dear sake,
Not for the sake of love ; for love to me
Came in thy guise and bade my heart awake
From dreams of love's delight to love of thee.
Not for love's sake but for thy very own :
Yet Love, immortal Love is well content
That I should love thee for thyself alone,
Since thy sweet self is love's embodiment.
Not for love's sake I love thee, but for thine.
I love my dream of love,—the vision fair
That lured my footsteps to Love's altar shrine,
And taught my heart to kneel in hope and prayer ;—
Till Love at last unveiled his hidden grace,
And gazing upward I beheld—thy face.

Edmond Holmes.

JUNE 16th

WHAT you do
Still betters what is done. When you
speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so, and for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
And own no other function ; each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds
That all your acts are queens.

Shakespeare.

JUNE 17th

FOR more than watersprings to shadeless sands,
More to me were the comfort of her hands
Touched once, and more than rays that set
and rise

The glittering arrows of her glorious eyes,
More to my sense than fire to dead cold air
The wind and light and odour of her hair,
More to my soul than summer's to the south
The mute clear music of her amorous mouth,
And to my heart's heart more than heaven's great
rest

The fullness of the fragrance of her breast.

Swinburne.

JUNE 18th

MY lady looks so gentle and so pure
When yielding salutation by the way,
That the tongue trembles and has nought
to say,
And the eyes, which fain would see, may not
endure.
And still, amid the praise she hears secure,
She walks with humbleness for her array ;
Seeming a creature sent from heaven to stay
On earth, and show a miracle made sure.
She is so pleasant in the eyes of men
That through the sight the inmost heart doth gain
A sweetness which needs proof to know it by :
And from between her lips there seems to move
A soothing essence that is full of love,
Saying for ever to the spirit, ' Sigh ! '

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

JUNE 19th

WHEN I thy parts run o'er, I can't espy
In any one the least indecency ;
But every line and limb diffusèd thence,
A fair and unfamiliar excellence ;
So that the more I look, the more I prove
There's still more cause why I the more should
love.

Herrick.

JUNE 20th

HAVE you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands had touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil had smutched it ?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?

Or swan's-down ever ?

Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier ?

Or the nard i' the fire ?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?

Oh ! so white, oh ! so soft ! O, so sweet is she.

Ben Jonson.

JUNE 21st

AH ! sweet, and sweet again and seven times
sweet,

The paces and the pauses of thy feet !

Ah ! sweeter than all sleep and summer air

The fallen fillets fragrant from thine hair !

Swinburne.

JUNE 22nd

THE modest Rose puts forth a thorn,
The humble sheep a threatening horn :
While the Lily white shall in love delight,
Nor thorn nor a threat stain her beauty bright.

Blake.

JUNE 23rd

THE words of them that love—the words
wherein

The mortal with the immortal being meets,—
Words of the mystic night of Midsummer,
Words of the Lover wedded with his Bride—
Words that I framed for Silence when she laid
Her passionate white fingers on my lips
And bade me look into Her face and know.

Henry Bryan Binns.

JUNE 24th

THOU walkest with me as the spirit-light
Of the hushed moon, high o'er a snowy hill,
Walks with the houseless traveller all the night,
When trees are tongueless and when mute the rill,
Moon of my soul, O phantasm of delight,
Thou walkest with me still.

The vestal flame of quenchless memory burns
In my soul's sanctuary. Yea, still for thee
My bitter heart hath yearned, as moonward yearns
Each separate wave-pulse of the clamorous sea :
My moon of love, to whom for ever turns
The life that aches through me.

Mathilde Blind.

JUNE 25th

IF thou wert here, these tears were tears of light !

But from as sweet a vision did I start
As ever made these eyes grow idly bright !

And though I weep, yet still around my heart
A sweet and playful tenderness doth linger,
Touching my heart as with an infant's finger.

My mouth half open, like a witless man,
I saw our couch, I saw our quiet room,
Its shadows heaving by the firelight gloom ;
And o'er my lips a subtle feeling ran,
All o'er my lips a soft and breeze-like feeling—
I know not what—but had the same been stealing

Upon a sleeping mother's lips, I guess

It would have made the loving mother dream
That she was softly bending down to kiss

Her babe, that something more than babe did
seem,

A floating presence of its darling father,
And yet its own dear baby self far rather !

S. T. Coleridge.

JUNE 26th

LOVE is the Minstrel ; for in God's own sight,
The master of all melody, he stands,
And holds a golden rebeck in his hands
And leads the chorus of the saints in light ;
But ever and anon those chambers bright
Detain him not, for down to these low lands
He flies, and spreads his musical commands,
And teaches men some fresh divine delight.
For with his bow he strikes a single chord
Across a soul, and wakes in it desire
To grow more pure and lovely, and aspire
To that ethereal country where, outpoured
From myriad stars that stand before the Lord,
Love's harmonies are like a flame of fire.

Francesco Redi, translated by Edmund Gosse.

JUNE 27th

BETWEEN the hands, between the brows,
Between the lips of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born whose birth endows
My blood with fire to burn through me ;
Who breathes upon my gazing eyes,
Who laughs and murmurs in mine ear,
At whose least touch my colour flies,
And whom my life grows faint to hear.

Within the voice, within the heart,
Within the mind of Love-Lily,
A spirit is born who lifts apart
His tremulous wings and looks at me ;
Who on my mouth his finger lays,
And shows, while whispering lutes confer,
That Eden of Love's watered ways
Whose winds and spirits worship her.

Brows, hands, and lips, heart, mind, and voice,
Kisses and words of Love-Lily,—
Oh ! bid me with your joy rejoice
Till riotous longing rest in me !
Ah ! let not hope be still distraught,
But find in her its gracious goal,
Whose speech Truth knows not from her thought
Nor Love her body from her soul.

D. G. Rossetti.

JUNE 28th

YOU ask if I love you :—
Listen !

The sun is above you ;
How the leaves glisten !
How the flowers glow with his cheering ray—
Love is the sun that lights my way.

You ask if I love you :—

Yonder !
Where trees crowd above you,
At noontide wander—
With woodland voices the depths are stirred—
You are my breath, my shade, my bird.

You ask if I love you :—

Hearken !
When night comes above you,
And shadows darken,
Gaze on the heavens in their starry light—
You are the heaven to bless my sight.

Sarah Flower.

JUNE 29th

BEFORE I slept, I thought of thee,
Then fell asleep, and sought for thee,
And found thee :
Had I but known 'twas only seeming,
I had not waked, but lain for ever dreaming !
Clara L. Walsh.

JUNE 30th

COMING to kiss her lips, (such grace I found,)
Me-seemed, I smelt a garden of sweet flowers,
That dainty odours from them threw around,
For damsels fit to deck their lovers' bowers.
Her lips did smell like unto gillyflowers ;
Her ruddy cheeks, like unto roses red ;
Her snowy brows, like budded bellamours ;
Her lovely eyes, like pinks but newly spread ;
Her goodly bosom, like a strawberry bed ;
Her neck, like to a bunch of columbines ;
Her breast, like lilies, ere their leaves be shed ;
Her nipples, like young blossomed jessamines.
Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell ;
But her sweet odour did them all excel.

Spenser.

JULY

JULY 1st

SWEET Heart, true heart, strong heart, star of
my life, oh never

For thee the lowered banner, the lost endeavour !

The weapons are still unforged that thee and me
shall dissever,

For I in thy heart have dwelling, and thou too in
mine for ever.

Can a silken cord strangle love, or a steel sword
sever ?

Or be as a bruised reed, the flower of joy for ever ?

Love is a beautiful dream, a deathless endeavour,

And for thee the lowered banner, O Sweet Heart,
never !

Fiona Macleod.

JULY 2nd

FOR a day and a night Love sang to us, played
with us,
Folded us round from the dark and the light ;
And our hearts were fulfilled of the music he
made with us,
Made with our hearts and our lips while he stayed
with us,
Stayed in mid passage his pinions from flight
For a day and a night.

From his foes that kept watch with his wings had
he hidden us,
Covered us close from the eyes that would smite,
From the feet that had tracked and the tongues
that had chidden us,
Sheltering in shade of the myrtles forbidden us,
Spirit and flesh growing one with delight
For a day and a night.

But his wings will not rest and his feet will not
stay for us :
Morning is here in the joy of its might ;
With his breath has he sweetened a night and
a day for us ;
Now let him pass, and the myrtles make way
for us ;
Love can but last in us here at its height
For a day and a night.

Swinburn

JULY 3rd

G OSSIPS count her faults ; they scour a
narrow chamber

Where there is no window, read not heaven
or her.

‘ When she was a tiny,’ one aged woman quavers,
Plucks at my heart and leads me by the ear.
Faults she had once as she learnt to run and
tumbled ;

Faults of feature some see, beauty not complete.
Yet, good gossips, beauty that makes holy
Earth and air, may have faults from head to feet.

George Meredith.

JULY 4th

WERE I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven
above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should
go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven waxed blind and till the world were
done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love
you.

J. Sylvester.

JULY 5th

SOME glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,

Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse ;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest :

But these particulars are not my measure ;
All these I better in one general best.

Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
Wretched in this alone, that thou mayest take
All this away and me most wretched make.

Shakespeare.

JULY 6th

SHE adored all beautiful things in their every curve and fragrance, so that they became part of her. Day by day she gathered beauty ; had she had no heart (she who was the bosom of womanhood) her thoughts would still have been as lilies, because the good is the beautiful. . . . She was so picturesque that she was the last word of art, but she was as young as if she were the first woman. The world must have rung with gallant deeds and grown lovely thoughts for numberless centuries before she could be ; she was the child of all the brave and wistful imaginings of men. She was as mysterious as night when it fell for the first time upon the earth. She was the thing we call romance, which lives in the little hut beyond the blue haze of the pine woods.

J. M. Barrie.

JULY 7th

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like Thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lulled winds seem dreaming :
And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Byron.

JULY 8th

THIS heart of flesh feeds not with life my love :
The love wherewith I love thee hath no
heart ;
Nor harbours it in any mortal part,
Where erring thought or ill desire may move.
When first Love sent our souls from God above,
He fashioned me to see thee as thou art—
Pure light ; and thus I find God's counterpart
In thy fair face, and feel the sting thereof.
As heat from fire, from loneliness divine
The mind that worships what recalls the sun
From whence she sprang, can be divided never ;
And since thine eyes all Paradise enshrine,
Burning unto those orbs of light I run,
There where I loved thee first to dwell for ever.
Michael Angelo, translated by J. Addington Symonds.

JULY 9th

MY heart never beats more quietly than when I am near her. But I must feel her presence ; I must breathe her spirit. I must go to her : and she expects me. And has Fate brought us together without intention ? Am I not to be her comfort ? Is she not to be my rest ? Life is no mere game : it does not drive two human souls together like two grains of sand in the desert, which the simoom whirls together and then drives apart. The souls which are brought near us by a kind fate we must hold fast, for they are intended for us and no power can tear them from us if we have courage to live, to struggle and to die for them.

Max Müller.

JULY 10th

HOW do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise ;

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. Browning.

JULY 11th

CHILD, would you shun the vulgar doom,
In love disgust, in death despair ?
Know, death must come and love must come,
And so for each your soul prepare.

Who pleasure follows pleasure slays ;
God's wrath upon himself he wreaks ;
But all delights rejoice his days
Who takes with thanks, and never seeks.

The wrong is made and measured by
The right's inverted dignity.
Change love to shame, as love is high
So low in hell your bed shall be.

.
Love blabbed of is a great decline ;
A careless word unsanctions sense ;
But he who casts Heaven's truth to swine
Consummates all incontinence.

Not to unveil before the gaze
Of an imperfect sympathy
In aught we are, is the sweet praise
And the main sum of modesty.

Coventry Patmore.

JULY 12th

SOMETIMES thou seem'st not as thyself alone,
But as the meaning of all things that are.

D. G. Rossetti.

JULY 13th

I HAVE no mirror any more
Save in beloved eyes ;
Where only I behold myself
Beautiful and wise.

Oh, I am wise with all the light
The waking garden knows ;
And I will lift my heart therein,
—Blessed as a Rose.

Mrs. Peabody Marks.

JULY 14th

LOVE hath so long possessed me for his own
And made his lordship so familiar
That he, who at first irked me, is now grown
Unto my heart as its best secrets are.
And thus, when he in such sore wise doth mar
My life that all its strength seems gone from it,
Mine inmost being then feels thoroughly quit
Of anguish, and all evil keeps afar.
Love also gathers to such power in me
That my sighs speak, each one a grievous thing,
Always soliciting
My lady's salutation piteously.
Whenever she beholds me, it is so,
Who is more sweet than any words can show.

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

JULY 15th

A BOOK of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow !

Omar Khayyam, translated by Edward Fitzgerald.

JULY 16th

FOR me and those I love
May a windless bower be built
Far from passion, pain and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.

Shelley.

JULY 17th

I WAS again beside my love in dream :
Earth was so beautiful, the moon was shining ;
The muffled voice of many a cataract stream
Came like a love-song, as, with arms entwining,
Our hearts were mixed in unison supreme.

The wind lay spellbound in each pillared pine,
The tasselled larches had no sound or motion.
As my whole life was sinking into thine—
Sinking into a deep unfathomed ocean
Of infinite love—uncircumscribed, divine.

Night held her breath, it seemed, with all her stars :
Eternal eyes that watched in mute compassion
Our little lives o'erleap their mortal bars,
Fused in the fulness of immortal passion,
A passion as immortal as the stars.

There was no longer any thee or me ;
No sense of self, no wish or incompleteness ;
The moment rounded to Eternity,
Annihilated Time's destructive fleetness :
For all but love itself had ceased to be.

Mathilde Blind.

JULY 18th

YOU are a tulip seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay
That where you grew scarce man can
say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
And can with tendrils love entwine,
Yet dried ere you distil your wine.

You are a balm enclosed well
In amber, or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet withered ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die, you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

Herrick.

JULY 19th

STILL as a lily, and more fair,
She stands, my lily : if she stir,
There is no motion lovelier.

Her soul is some still lake, which sleeps
Among the noon-lit hills, and keeps
Soft clouds in its translucent deeps.

She speaks, and speaking seems to bend
A rapt ear, listening to some friend
The heavens with her to whisper send.

Who'll fix what colour are her eyes,
Whose changing hue, chameleon-wise,
Brings each charmed minute new surprise ?
Thomas Ashe.

JULY 20th

YEARS have passed over, but my faith hath not
failed me ;

Spent is my might, but my love not departed.
Shall not love help ?—yea, look long in my eyes !
There is no more to see if thou sawest my heart.

William Morris.

JULY 21st

DOTH any maiden seek the glorious fame
Of chastity, of strength, of courtesy ?
Gaze in the eyes of that sweet enemy
Whom all the world doth as my lady name !
How honour grows, and pure devotion's flame,
How truth is joined with graceful dignity,
There thou mayst learn, and what the path may be
To that high heaven which doth her spirit claim ;
There learn soft speech, beyond all poet's skill,
And softer silence, and those holy ways
Unutterable, untold by human heart.
But the infinite beauty that all eyes doth fill,
This none can learn ! because its lovely rays
Are given by God's pure grace, and not by art.

Petrarch, translated by Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

JULY 22nd

DE quoi puis-je avoir envie,
De quoi puis-je avoir effroi,
Que ferai-je de la vie,
Si tu n'es plus près de moi ?

Que veux tu que je devienne,
Si je n'entends plus ton pas ?
Est-ce ta vie ou la mienne
Qui s'en va ? Je ne sais pas.

Tu portes dans la lumière,
Tu portes dans les buissons
Sur une aile ma prière
Et sur l'autre mes chansons.

De quoi puis-je avoir envie,
De quoi puis-je avoir effroi,
Que ferai-je de la vie
Si tu n'es plus près de moi ?

Que ferai-je seul, farouche,
Sans toi, du jour et des cieux ?
De mes baisers sans ta bouche,
Et de mes pleurs sans tes yeux ?

Victor Hugo.

JULY 23rd

MY love's a match in beauty
For every flower that blows,
Her little ear's a lily,
Her velvet cheek a rose ;
Her locks like gilly gowans
Hang golden to her knee.
If I were King of Ireland,
My Queen she'd surely be.

Her eyes are fond forget-me-nots,
And no such snow is seen
Upon the heaving hawthorn bush
As crests her bodice green.
The thrushes when she's talking
Sit listening on the tree.
If I were King of Ireland,
My Queen she'd surely be.

Alfred Perceval Graves.

JULY 24th

WHAT hath befallen, tell it me,
The roses that I sent to thee ?
For, ere thou didst receive my posies,
They still were fair and still were—roses ;
And certes I could never send
A worthless guerdon to my friend.

Why, when thou hadst them, did they lose
Their scent, or what hath marred their hues ?
The reason true I know not well ;
For what it was they would not tell.
But this I think, they could not bear
Comparison with one so fair,
And, touching thee, whose fragrant bloom
Outbragged their own, they met their doom.

So when a little lamp is lit,
The blazing fire doth vanquish it ;
And when they cannot face the sun,
The stars are blinded every one !

Philostratus, adapted by Percy Osborn.

JULY 25th

BUILT but of common stone the arch may be
To the chance traveller's unseeing eyes :
But through it once a vision shone for me—
The dream-begotten hills of Paradise.

Yours is a merely human charm and grace
To others whom you suffer not so near,
But I have seen your spirit face to face,
Dead, marred, forsaken, I should find you fair.
A. L. J. H.

JULY 26th

IF only in dreams may Man be fully blest,
Is heaven a dream ? Is she I claspt a dream ?
Or stood she here even now where dew-
drops gleam

And miles of furze shine yellow down the West ?
I seem to clasp her still—still on my breast

Her bosom beats : I see the bright eyes beam.

I think she kiss'd these lips, for now they seem
Scarce mine : so hallow'd of the lips they press'd !

Yon thicket's breath—can that be eglantine ?

Those birds—can they be Morning's choristers ?

Can this be Earth ? Can these be banks of furze ?

Like burning bushes fired of God they shine !

I seem to know them, though this body of mine

Passed into spirit at the touch of hers !

Theodore Watts Dunton.

JULY 27th

IT was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast ;
It was the time of roses—
We plucked them as we passed !

That churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet ;
O no—the world was newly crowned
With flowers when first we met !

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast ;
It was the time of roses ;—
We plucked them as we passed.

Thomas Hood.

JULY 28th

I LOVED her for that she was beautiful ;
And that to me she seemed to be all nature,
And all varieties of things in one :
Would set at night in clouds of tears, and rise
All light and laughter in the morning ; fear
No petty customs nor appearances ;
But think what others only dreamed about ;
And say what others did but think ; and do
What others would but say ; and glory in
What others dared but do ; so pure withal
In soul : in heart and act such conscious, yet
Such careless innocence, she made round her
A halo of delight ; 'twas these which won me ;
And that she never schooled within her breast
One thought or feeling, but gave holiday
To all ; and that she made all even mine,
In the communion of love ; and we
Grew like each other, for we loved each other :
She, mild and generous as the air in spring ;
And I, like Earth, all budding out with love.

Philip James Bailey.

JULY 29th

SO sweet, all sweet—the body as the shyer
Sweet senses, and the spirit sweet as those :
For me the fragrance of a whole sweet-briar
Beside the rose.

Michael Field.

JULY 30th

STANDING, her beauty holds
The peony's white loveliness ;
Seated, her robe enfolds
Charms that surpass in graciousness
The Botan in its pride ;
And when she walks in silk array,
Abashed the fragile poppies sway
In slender grace outvied.

Clara A. Walsh.

JULY 31st

TO have thee by my side,
Henceforth an individual solace dear :
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half.

Milton.

AUGUST

AUGUST 1st

I AM named and known by that moment's feat ;
There took my station and degree ;
So grew my own small life complete,
As nature obtained her best of me—
One born to love you, sweet.

Robert Browning.

AUGUST 2nd

AND I rehearsed my marriage vow,
And swore her welfare to prefer
To all things, and for aye as now
To live, not for myself, but her.
Forth, from the glittering spirit's peace
And gaiety ineffable,
Streamed to the heart delight and ease,
As from an overflowing well ;
And, orderly deriving thence
Its pleasure perfect and allowed,
Bright with the spirit shone the sense,
As with the sun a fleecy cloud.
If now to part with her could make
Her pleasure greater, sorrow less,
I for my epitaph would take
'To serve seemed more than to possess.'
And I perceived (the vision sweet
Dimming with happy dew mine eyes)
That love and joy are torches lit
From altar fires of sacrifice.

Coventry Patmore.

AUGUST 3rd

O BELOVED, and stranger to me than my foe,
And nearer to me than my breath, and my
peace and my strife,

What is it that binds us straitly together ? Life ;
Body to body ; soul to soul, do I know ?

I know that your hands speak to my hands, and
my hands

Speak to your hands with an irresistible desire ;
We are blown together as fire is blown into fire,
We return as the wandering tide returns to the
sands.

Is it love, is it longing ? I know not, care not, alas !
Something cries and a cry answers a cry.

If I speak, you hear in your heart ; when you call,
it is I ;

Soul of my life, let us live ! for the hours pass.

Arthur Symons.

AUGUST 4th

O LET your cool white breast throb on my
breast ;

I hear the whispers of your life beats pass,
Until I dream them sounds of falling stars
Within the hour-glass of the midnight sea ;
And through Time's drifting dusk foam-light,
rest—

And lily-petals of your purity
Drop from the heaven of your heart to me.

Press with your lips my singing lips and make
My music a dream-threshold whence may flow
Your hearth-light beauty warm across the snow
Of this world's pain ; within your holy breath
Some echo let me hear as those that break
The silence of the sleepy wave of death
With comfort to the pilgrim soul beneath.

Dermot O'Byrne.

AUGUST 5th

I DO profess to be
Vassal to one, whom all my days I serve ;
The beam of beauty sparkled from above,
The flower of virtue and pure chastity,
The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerless grace and modesty :
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize ;
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice :
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she,
And I hers ever only, ever one.

Spenser.

AUGUST 6th

O N one side slept the clover,
On one side sprang the wheat,
And I, like a lazy lover,
Knew not which seemed more sweet,—
The red caps of the clover
Or green gowns of the wheat.

The red caps of the clover,
They nodded in the heat,
And as the wind went over,
With nimble, flying feet,
It tossed the caps of clover,
And stirred the gowns of wheat.

O rare red caps of clover,
O dainty gowns of wheat,
You teach a lazy lover
How in his lady meet
The sweetness of the clover,
The promise of the wheat.

C. Kennett Burrow

AUGUST 7th

OPEN the temple gates unto my Love !
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before th' Almighty's view :
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make ;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The Choristers the joyous Anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo
ring.

Spenser.

AUGUST 8th

A GIRL

Held all his heart strings in her small
white hand ;—

His youth and power and majesty were hers,
And not his own— . . . in his young heart
She reigned, with all the beauties that she had,
And all the virtues that he rightly took
For granted ; and there he set her with her crown,
And at her first enthronement he turned out
Much that was best away ; for unawares
His thoughts grew noble. She was always there
And knew it not, and he grew like to her
And like to what he thought her.

Jean Ingelow.

AUGUST 9th

I HAVE led her home, my love, my only friend.
There is none like her, none.

And never yet so warmly ran my blood
And sweetly, on and on
Calming itself to the long-wished-for end,
Full to the banks, close on the promised good.

None like her, none.

Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk
Seemed her light foot along the garden walk,
And shook my heart to think she comes once more ;
But even then I heard her close the door,
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone.

There is none like her, none.

Nor will be when our summers have deceased.

O, art thou sighing for Lebanon

In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious
East,

Sighing for Lebanon,

Dark cedar, though thy limbs have here increased,

Upon a pastoral slope as fair,

And looking to the South, and fed

With honeyed rain and delicate air,

And haunted by the starry head

Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate,

And made my life a perfumed altar-flame.

Tennyson.

AUGUST 10th

LET it be now, Love ! All my soul breaks forth.
How I do love you ! Give my love its way !

A man can have but one life and one death,
One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfil my fate—
Grant me my heaven now. Let me know you
mine,

Prove you mine, write my name upon your brow,
Hold you and have you and then die away
If God please, with completion in my soul.

Robert Browning.

AUGUST 11th

AH ! when the dark on many a heart descends,
Our joy more swiftly runs ;
Heart of my heart, our great love never ends,
Though set ten thousand suns !

Allah be with us when that last deep night
Shall wrap us round about ;
And love be with us, with her steadfast light,
When Death our spark blows out !

Charles Hanson Towne.

AUGUST 12th

THE hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea ;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand,
Came innocence and she.

Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk
Wise, idle, childish things.

She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast-deep 'mid flower and spine :
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face !
She gave me tokens three ;—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand !
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes.

Francis Thompson.

AUGUST 13th

PLUS étroit que la vigne à l'ormeau se marie
De bras souplement forts,
Du lien de tes mains, Maîtresse, je te prie,
Enlace-moy le corps.

Et feignant de dormir, d'une mignarde face
Sur mon front panche-toy :
Inspire, en me baisant, ton haleine et ta grace
Et ton cœur dedans moy.

Puis appuyant ton sein sur le mien qui se pame,
Pour mon mal apaiser,
Serre plus fort mon col, et me redonne l'âme
Par l'esprit d'un baiser.

Ronsard.

AUGUST 14th

LOVE sang to me, and I went down the stair,
And out into the darkness and the dew
And bowed myself unto the little grass
And the blind herbs and the unshapen dust
Of earth without a face. So let me be.

For as I hear, the singing makes of me
My own desire : and momentarily I grow.
Yea, all the while with hands of melody,
The singing makes me, out of what I was,
Even as a potter shaping Eden clay.

Ever Love sings, and saith in words that sing,
' Beloved, thus art thou, and even so
Lovely art thou, Beloved ! '—Even so,
As the Sea weaves her path before the light,
I hear, I hear,—and I am glorified.

Love sang to me, and I am glorified,
And I shall grow in favour and in shining ;
Because of some commandment in the stars ;
Till at the last, I am all-beautiful,—
Beautiful, for that day. Love sings no more.

Mrs. Peabody Marks.

AUGUST 15th

W HERE, like a pillow on a bed,
A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest
The violet's declining head,
Sat we two, one another's best.

As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate
Suspends uncertain victory,
Our souls—which to advance their state,
Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.

And whilst our souls negotiate there,
We like sepulchral statues lay ;
All day, the same our postures were,
And we said nothing, all the day.

But, O alas ! so long, so far,
Our bodies why do we forbear ?
They are ours, though not we ; we are
Th' intelligences, they the spheres.

So must pure lovers' souls descend
To affections, and to faculties,
Which sense may reach and apprehend,
Else a great prince in prison lies !

To our bodies turn we there, that so
Weak men on love revealed may look ;
Love's mysteries in souls do grow,
But yet the body is his book.

John Donne.

AUGUST 16th

WHEN at dawn she sighs, and like an infant
to the window

Turns grave eyes craving light, released
from dreams,

Beautiful she looks, like a white water-lily

Bursting out of bud in havens of the streams.

When from bed she rises clothed from neck to
ankle

In her long nightgown sweet as boughs of May,

Beautiful she looks, like a tall garden lily

Pure from the night, and splendid for the day.

George Meredith.

AUGUST 17th

A LILY thou wast when I saw thee first,
A lily-bud not opened quite,
That hourly grew more pure and white,
By morning, and noontide, and evening nursed ;
In all of nature thou hadst thy share ;
Thou wast waited on
By the wind and sun ;
The rain and the dew for thee took care ;
It seemed thou never couldst be more fair.

A lily thou wast when I saw thee first,
A lily-bud ; but O, how strange,
How full of wonder was the change,
When, ripe with all sweetness, thy full bloom burst !
How did the tears to my glad eyes start,
When the woman-flower
Reached its blossoming hour,
And I saw the warm deeps of thy golden heart.

Glad death may pluck thee, but never before
The gold dust of thy bloom divine
Hath dropped from thy heart into mine,
To quicken its faint germs of heavenly lore ;
For no breeze comes nigh thee but carries away
Some impulses bright
Of fragrance and light,
Which fall upon souls that are lone and astray,
To plant fruitful hopes of the flower of day.

J. R. Lowell.

AUGUST 18th

LIE back ; could thought of mine improve you ?
From this shoulder let there spring
A wing ; from this, another wing ;
Wings, not legs and feet, shall move you !
Snow-white must they spring, to blend
With your flesh, but I intend
They shall deepen to the end,
Broader, into burning gold,
Till both wings crescent-wise enfold
Your perfect self, from 'neath your feet
To o'er your head, where lo, they meet
As if a million sword-blades hurled
Defiance from you to the world !

Robert Browning.

AUGUST 19th

NO perfect artist is developed here
From any imperfect woman. Flower from
root,

And spiritual from natural, grade by grade
For all our life. . . .

Art is much, but love is more,
Art symbolises heaven, but Love is God
And makes heaven.

E. B. Browning.

AUGUST 20th

MINE ! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something all mine on this side Heaven :
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I lift to thee :
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Life of my life, whom Thou dost make
Two of the world, for the world's work's sake,
But each unto each, as in Thy sight, *one*.

Dinah Craik.

AUGUST 21st

O MAN, be glad ! be grandly glad,
And King-like walk thy ways of death !
For more than years of bliss you had
That one brief time you breathed her breath,
Yea, more than years upon a throne
That one brief time you held her fast,
Soul surged to soul, vehement, vast—
True breast to breast, and all your own.

Leave me one day, one narrow night,
One second of supreme delight
Like that, and I will blow like chaff
The hollow years aside, and laugh
A loud triumphant laugh, and I,
King-like and crowned, will gladly die.

Joaquin Miller.

AUGUST 22nd

WITHOUT thy light what light remains in me ?
Thou art my life ; my way, my light's in
thee ;

I live, I move, and by thy beams I see.

Thou art my life—if thou but turn away
My life's a thousand deaths. Thou art my way—
Without thee, Love, I travel not but stray.

My light thou art—without thy glorious sight
My eyes are darkened with eternal night,
My Love, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way ; I wander if thou fly.
Thou art my light ; if hid, how blind am I !
Thou art my life ; if thou withdraw'st I die.

My eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see :
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,
But to that light ?—and who's that light but thee ?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
The dead man's life. On thee my hopes rely ;
If I but them remove, I surely die.

Earl of Rochester.

AUGUST 23rd

SINCE I have felt upon my face thy tears
I have been consecrated, Dear, to thee.
Cleansed from the stain of hot and frivolous
years

By thy white passion, I have bowed the knee,
Worshipping thee as sovereign and as saint,
While with desire all human thou wert leaning
To my long kiss, thy lips and eyes grow faint,
Thy spirit eloquent with love's new meaning.

Since I have seen within thy heart my heaven,
Life has been changed and earth has grown
divine.

Hope, health, and wisdom, these thy love hath
given,

And if my song have any worth, 'tis thine.
Thy hands are benediction, Dear. Thy feet
Are flowers upon the altar of my soul,
Whereat my holiest aspirations meet,
Humble and wondering in thy rapt control.

C. G. D. Roberts.

AUGUST 24th

THOU shalt be free, yea, love, as free as air,
As free as love itself that by restraint
Must die ; thou shalt not hear my heart's
complaint ;

I won thee freely, and shall I not dare
To freely hold ? What joy could e'er compare
To this—receiving more than wish could paint
Or fancy picture ? Oh, my dove ! my saint !
Could inward vision yearn for sight more rare ?
I yield to thee my all, my life, my soul,
Knowing full well thou wilt not fail to keep
My happiness as thine. Ah, let me sleep—
Here, on thy breast where I have lain the whole
Of all I am, or may be—if thou toll
My death knell, be it so, thou shalt not weep.

Ella Dietz.

AUGUST 25th

MY Love in her attire doth show her wit ;
It doth so well become her,
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on :
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

Seventeenth Century.

AUGUST 26th

IT is thyself, mine own self's better part,
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
heart,

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Shakespeare.

AUGUST 27th

NOT I myself know all my love for thee :
How should I reach so far, who cannot weigh
To-morrow's dower by gage of yesterday ?
Shall birth and death, and all dark names that be
As doors and windows bared to some loud sea,
Lash deaf mine ears and blind my face with spray ;
And shall my sense pierce love,—the last relay
And ultimate outpost of eternity ?

Lo ! what am I to Love, the lord of all ?
One murmuring shell he gathers from the sand,—
One little heart-flame sheltered in his hand.
Yet through thine eyes he grants me clearest call
And veriest touch of powers primordial
That any hour-girt life may understand.

D. G. Rossetti.

AUGUST 28th

WHAT troubles thee, Beloved? Lean low
and say. Hurt me? Thy balms will
heal my wounds. Betray me? My heart
would grasp thy woe 'ere the cock crow thrice at
dawn. Mock me? Let the world eat its manna;
we have fed on ours. Crucify me? I've grown
thee passion flowers with nails and cross as sign
to thee. Leave thee? When God leaves heaven
and dewdrops flowers. Death? Look up, Dear
Heart, and smile. *E. M. O. E.*

AUGUST 29th

I F I think of your soul, I see
Your body's beauty ; and then
I pray to your body again,
And your soul answers me.
So to possess you whole,
Twofold ever the same,
Come to me light or flame,
Come to me body or soul.

Arthur Symons.

AUGUST 30th

WHEN with thy life thou didst encompass
mine,

And I beheld, as from an infinite height,
Thy love stretch pure and beautiful as light,
Through utmost joy I hardly could divine
Whether my love of thee it was, or thine,
Which so my heart astonished with its might.
But now at length familiar with the sight,
So I can bear to look where planets shine,
Even more deep the wonder grows to be
That thou shouldst love me ; while my love of thee
Does of my being seem a second part ;
Still often now as from a dream I start,
To think that thou, even thou—thou lovest me,
I being what I am, thou what thou art.

Philip Bourke Marston.

AUGUST 31st

WHERE shall I kiss my Sweet,
Who is mine from head to feet ?

Bloom is upon her lips,
Bloom of the rose on her cheek,
Bloom on her finger-tips,
Bloom on her neck so sleek !

Lilies twain are her breasts,
Her body a bed of lilies ;
Happy the head that rests
On the bosom of Amaryllis !

O she is like a garden of Love ;
Lilies below and roses above !

Percy Osborn.

SEPTEMBER

SEPTEMBER 1st

I WOULD not have this perfect love of ours
Grow from a single root, a single stem,
Bearing no goodly fruit but only flowers
That idly hide life's iron diadem :
It should grow alway like that Eastern tree
Whose limbs take root and spread forth constantly ;
That love for one, from which there doth not
spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.
Not in another world, as poets prate,
Dwell we apart above the tide of things,
High floating o'er earth's clouds on fairy wings ;
But our pure love doth ever elevate
Into a holy bond of brotherhood
All earthly things, making them pure and good.
J. R. Lowell.

SEPTEMBER 2nd

SHE stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweet heart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened ; such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veiled a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Thomas Hood.

SEPTEMBER 3rd

NATHELESS I know her well
Though she change e'en as much
As light within a flower,
And aye her face can tell,
Because there is none such
In any land beyond the farthest sea,
And hour by hour
I wonder why
She ever thought to give it all to me—
To me so utterly.

Yet many a portrait fair
Of other lovely ones
Have I seen like to her.
I seem to hear the air
Sweet with her very tones.
Yet what to me were such things to possess !
Ay, though they stir
With life and speak !
Wanting that little one unruly tress
That strays upon her cheek.

She is beyond all art
Of any sweetest word,
Of brush however fine ;
And yet I wrong my heart
Who hath a chamber stored
With many a face of her and perfect all.
Ah, joy divine,
When quite alone,
To steal and turn them slowly from the wall,
Tenderly, one by one. *Cosmo Monkhouse.*

SEPTEMBER 4th

NOW—I have tasted her sweet soul to the
core—all other depths are shallow.

Keats.

SEPTEMBER 5th

THE roads are laid with cloth-of-gold
And o'er the splendour, all alone,
Clad fair in scarlet, like a king
Love cometh to his own.

A crown of thorns, a sceptral reed,
The beauty of a flaming throne !
From out the pleasant orchard-lands
Love cometh to his own.

Rachel Annand Taylor.

SEPTEMBER 6th

THE breath between my lips of lips not mine,
Like spirit in sense that makes pure sense
divine,

Is as life in them from the living sky
That entering fills my heart with blood of thine
And thee with me, while day shall live and die.

My soul is shed into me with thy breath,
And in my heart each heart beat of thee saith
How in thy life the life springs of me lie,
Even one life to be gathered of one death,
In me and thee though day may live and die.

Swinburne.

SEPTEMBER 7th

THAT I did always love,
I bring thee proof :
That till I loved
I did not love enough.

That I shall love alway,
I offer thee,
That love is life,
And life hath immortality.

This, dost thou doubt, sweet ?
Then have I
Nothing to show
But Calvary.

Emily Dickinson.

SEPTEMBER 8th

WHAT other woman could be loved like you,
Or how of you should love possess his fill ?
After the fulness of all rapture, still,—
As at the end of some deep avenue
A tender glamour of day,—there comes to view
Far in your eyes a yet more hungering thrill,—
Such fire as Love's soul-winnowing hands distil
Even from his inmost arc of light and dew,
And as the traveller triumphs with the sun,
Glorying in heat's mid-height, yet startide brings
Wonder new-born, and still fresh transport springs
From limpid lambent hours of day begun ;—
Even so, through eyes and voice, your soul doth
move
My soul with changeful light of infinite love.

D. G. Rossetti.

SEPTEMBER 9th

A CLEAR voice made to comfort and incite,
Lovely and peaceful as a moonlit deep,
A voice to make the eyes of strong men weep
With sudden overflow of great delight ;
A voice to dream of in the calm of night,
A voice—the song of fields that no men reap,
A treasure wrung by God himself from sleep !
A voice no song may follow in its flight,
A queenly rose of sound with tune for scent,
A pause of shadow in a day of heat,
A voice to make God weak as any man
And at its pleadings take away the ban
'Neath which so long our spirits have been bent,
A voice to make death tender and life sweet !

Philip Bourke Marston.

SEPTEMBER 10th

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow
If not quite dim, yet rather so,
Yet yours from others they shall know
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, though it may hap
That I be called to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard.

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass,
A not too sadly sighed 'Alas,'
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That wingèd word.

Landor.

SEPTEMBER 11th

O H come to me in the morning, white Swan
of the thousand Charms,
Or come to me in the passion of day, the
rapture of noon,
Or come to me in the twilight hour, sweet Longing
of my Arms,
In the hush when day kisses night, our two hearts
beating in tune !
The owl-soft wings of Time bring parting of our
feet,
But never my heart from yours will wander, come
day or night,
And never my lips forget your lips that the world
made sweet,
Or my heart the song of its love, in that hour of
its young delight.

John Todhunter.

SEPTEMBER 12th

I SEE my soul within thine eyes, and hear
My spirit in all thy pulses thrill with fear,
And in my lips the passion of thee sigh,
And music of me made in mine own ear ;
Am I not thou while day shall live and die ?

Art thou not I as I thy love am thou ?
So let all things pass from us ; we are now,
For all that was and will be, who knows why ?
And all that is and is not, who knows how ?
Who knows ? God knows why day should live
and die ?

Swinburne.

SEPTEMBER 13th

SHE walks in Beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face ;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Byron

SEPTEMBER 14th

VOICI des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des
branches,

Et puis voici mon cœur, qui ne bat que pour
vous.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches,
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit
doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue, à vos pieds reposée,
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers ;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Verlaine.

SEPTEMBER 15th

MY Love has said things which have made me feel as one who, wandering through a fair grove, suddenly comes upon Heaven reflected in a still water.

Richard Garnett.

SEPTEMBER 16th

WHAT were I, Love, if I were stripped of thee,
If thine eyes shut me out, whereby I live,
Then, who unto my calmer soul dost give
Knowledge, and Truth, and Holy Mystery,
Wherein Truth mainly lies for those who see
Beyond the earthly and the fugitive,
Who in the grandeur of the soul believe,
And only in the Infinite are free?

J. R. Lowell.

SEPTEMBER 17th

THE wine of love is music,
And the feast of love is song :
And when Love sits down to the banquet,
Love sits long :

Sits long and ariseth drunken,
But not with the feast and the wine ;
He reeleth with his own heart,
That great rich Vine.

James Thomson.

SEPTEMBER 18th

THE night is full of little sounds of love ;
Of nestlings and soft cheeping in the hedge
Where bright-eyed mice and silvery glow-
worms rove ;

Of startled moor-hens stirring in the sedge ;
Of broken cooing from a dreaming dove.

Gwendolen Bishop.

SEPTEMBER 19th

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them
white ;

She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.

Into that tender breast at night

The chastest stars may peep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,

Though gay they run and leap.

She is so circumspect and right ;

She has her soul to keep.

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

Mrs. Meynell.

SEPTEMBER 20th

LOVE and harmony combine,
And around our souls entwine,
While thy branches mix with mine,
And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches sit,
Chirping loud and singing sweet ;
Like gentle streams beneath our feet,
Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,
I am clad in flowers fair ;
Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,
And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,
Sweet, I hear her mournful song ;
And thy lovely leaves among,
There is Love : I hear his tongue.

• *Blake.*

SEPTEMBER 21st

O THOU whose form is ever in my heart,
O flesh that holds me pent with terrible
force,

Dear limbs and lips that seize upon my life
And in your fire consume it—O sweet Love :

Lo ! all I see—

The clear and sunny hills, the woods, the streams,
The orchards, fields, the lines of poplars tall,
The belfried towns, the river at my feet,
The great blue sky, yea He who stands behind it—
Are mine for thee, to lose themselves in thee.

Edward Carpenter.

SEPTEMBER 22nd

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair ;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

William Wordsworth.

SEPTEMBER 23rd

WE know not whether Love has taken Life
with him to the stars; but we know
that he awaits her there if she be not
already come.

Richard Garnett.

SEPTEMBER 24th

LET but thy voice engender with the string,
And angels will be born, while thou dost sing.
Herrick.

SEPTEMBER 25th

I N a fair place
Of whin and grass,
I heard feet pass
Where no one was.

I saw a face
Bloom like a flower—
Nay, as the rainbow-shower
Of a tempestuous hour.

It was not man, or woman :
It was not human :
But, beautiful and wild,
Terribly undefiled,
I knew an unborn child.

Fiona Macleod.

SEPTEMBER 26th

AND then the Babe :
A tiny perfect sea-shell on the shore
By the waves gently laid (the awful waves !)—
By trembling hands received—a folded message—
A babe yet slumbering, with a ripple on its face
Remindful of the ocean.

And two twined forms that overbend it, smiling,
And wonder to what land Love must have
journeyed,
Who brought this back—this word of sweetest
meaning ;
Two lives made one and visible as one.

And herein all Creation.

Edward Carpenter.

SEPTEMBER 27th

THY stainless beauty doth me so enthrall,
That all my dreams are consecrate to thee,
And my lost childhood gone beyond recall
Is by my lovely friend restored to me.

When grief o'erdims the promise of my days,
Thy starry eyes are stars amid my night,
And like an amaranth that ne'er decays,
My flower of love blooms on in grief's despite.

If love for love thou giv'st, I shall not reck
Of Age and Death and Sorrow's mournful train ;
If I can feel those arms about my neck,
What though I die, 'twill be to live again ;
To live again, to love again with thee
In the green meadows of eternity !

Percy Osborn.

SEPTEMBER 28th

THERE is a temple in my heart
Where moth or rust can never come,
A temple swept and set apart
To make my soul a home.

And around about the doors of it
Hang garlands that for ever last,
That gathered once are always sweet ;
The roses of the Past !

A. Mary F. Robinson.

SEPTEMBER 29th

WHEN Helen first saw wrinkles in her face
('Twas when some fifty long had settled
there

And intermarried and brancht off awide),
She threw herself upon her couch and wept :
On this side hung her head, and over that
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass
That made the men as faithless.

But when you
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear
That they were only vestiges of smiles,
Or the impression of some amorous hair
Astray from cloistered curls and roseate band,
Which had been lying there all night perhaps
Upon a skin so soft, ' No, no, ' you said ;
' Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here ' :
Well, and what matters it, while thou art too !

Landor.

SEPTEMBER 30th

IT was late summer, and the grass again
Had grown knee-deep,—we stood, my love
and I,

Awhile in silence where the stream runs by ;
Idly we listened to a plaintive strain,—
A young maid singing to her youthful swain,—
Ah me, dead days remembered make us sigh,
And tears will sometimes flow we know not why ;
'If spring be past,' I said, 'shall love remain ? '

She moved aside, yet soon she answered me,
Turning her gaze responsive to mine own,—
'Spring-days are gone, and yet the grass, we see
Unto a goodly height again hath grown ;
Dear love, just so love's aftermath may be
A richer growth than e'er spring-days have known.'

Samuel Waddington.

OCTOBER

OCTOBER 1st

NOW must I woo thee in autumnal ways,
And bind for coronal about thy brows
A fading garland for love's fadeless bays,
And strew before the portal of love's house
The fallen leaves of praise.

Lo, I will garb in metaphors of gold
Thy body's beauty, cast about thy breast
A dainty vesture, fold on golden fold
Brodered with fantasies of love confessed
For charm against the cold.

And weave from waist to feet a kirtle fine
Starred with the glinting gems of loving words,
About its hem I subtly will entwine
Red berries of delight, and singing birds
Hidden in trailing vine.

And I will gird thee with a girdle fair
Wrought of youth's gold, and passions perfect red,
And set within the shadow of thy hair
The last white rose that wistful Autumn shed,
A blossom pure as prayer.

Thus, being clad in Autumn's fashioning,
Thou movest through a world by change made
wise !

Yet, though the woods with mournful music ring,
Still ever leaps and lives within thine eyes
The light and lure of Spring.

C. Kennett Burrow.

OCTOBER 2nd

MY heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot :
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit ;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys ;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Christina Rossetti.

OCTOBER 3rd

I HAVE loved many women and men, but I
love none better than you.

O I have been dilatory and dumb,
I should have made my way straight to you long
ago,

I should have blabbed nothing but you, I should
have chanted nothing but you.

I will leave all and come and make the hymns of you,
None has understood you, but I understand you,
None has done justice to you, you have not done
justice to yourself,

None but has found you imperfect, I only find no
imperfection in you,

None but would subordinate you, I only am he
who will never consent to subordinate you.

I only am he who places over you no master,
owner, better, God, beyond what waits in-
trinsically in yourself.

Walt Whitman.

OCTOBER 4th

I LOVE you with such worship
That I am mad, they say ;
Well, be it so, I'll gladly
Be mad to my dying day.

Your loving thoughts and my loving thoughts
Towards each other lean,
Just like the branches of two trees
Across the road between.

If I die before you die, dearest,
Only one thing I ask the Most High,
A window out of the clouds,
To talk to you from the sky.

I would that I were even
A little stone in your street ;
And then you would tread upon me,
And I would kiss your feet.

Spanish Folk Songs, translated by Havelock Ellis.

OCTOBER 5th

ONCE a fly dancing in a beam of the sun,
Or the light wind blowing out of the dawn,
Could fill your heart with dreams none
other knew,

But now the indissoluble sacrament
Has mixed your heart that was most proud and
cold

With my warm heart for ever ; and sun and moon
Must fade and heaven be rolled up like a scroll ;
But your white spirit still walks by my spirit.

W. B. Yeats.

OCTOBER 6th

O JOY divine of friends !
To hold within the circle of one's arms
More than the universe holds :

So sweet, so rare, so precious beyond words,
The god so tenderly mortal !

Not kisses only or embraces,
Nor the sweet pain and passion of the flesh alone ;
But more, far more,
To feel (ah joy !) the creature deep within
Touch on its mate, unite, and lie entranced
There, ages down, and ages long, in light,
Suffused, divine—where all these other pleasures
Fade but to symbols of that perfect union.

Edward Carpenter.

OCTOBER 7th

O H, we're sunk enough here, God knows !
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.

There are flashes struck from midnights,
There are fire-flames noondays kindle,
Whereby piled-up honours perish,
Whereby swollen ambitions dwindle,
Where just this or that poor impulse,
Which for once had play unstifled,
Seems the sole work of a life-time
That away the rest have trifled.

Robert Browning.

OCTOBER 8th

THEN is Love blest, when from the cup of the
body he drinks the wine of the soul.

Richard Garnett.

OCTOBER 9th

PARTED lips, between which love dwells—
only a little space of breath and shadow,
yet here the gate of all the world to me.

Edward Carpenter.

OCTOBER 10th

BE I the string, the note be thou ! Be thou
the body, I the life ! Let none hereafter
say of us that one was I, another thou.

From the Persian.

OCTOBER 11th

GOD be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world
with,

One to show a woman when he loves her !

This I say of me but think of you, Love !

This to you—yourself my moon of poets !

Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,

Thus they see you, praise you, think they know
you !

There, in turn, I stand with them and praise
you—

Out of my own self I dare to phrase it.

But the best is when I glide from out them,

Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,

Come out on the other side, the novel

Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,

Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

Robert Browning.

OCTOBER 12th

NOW when I am near to you, dear Friend,
Passing out of myself, being delivered—
Through those eyes and lips and hands,
so loved, so ardently loved,
I am become free ;
In the sound of your voice I dwell
As in a world defended from evil.

What I am accounted by the world to be—all that I
leave behind :
It is nothing to me any longer.
Like one who leaves a house with all its mouldy old
furniture and pitches his camp under heaven's
blue,
So I take up my abode in your presence—
I find my deliverance in you.

Edward Carpenter.

OCTOBER 13th

HAVE I not loved you, and shall love not bind
Our hearts and lives now parting days are
past ?

The ivy tendrils cleave where once entwined
And will not part unbroken ; boughs long clasped
And in those sheltering arms by love confined,
Would droop, if bared, beneath the stormy blast,
Cold, beating hail, and harsh life-withering wind,—
Would droop awhile, and fade, and fall at last !

Have I not loved you, and shall Love be cast
From out the home where once, a winsome child,
Of old you welcomed him, and gayly smiled,
And with your long brown tresses bound him fast ?
Nay, now a man, his conquering might you know,
He holds you, sweet,—he will not let you go.

Samuel Waddington.

OCTOBER 14th

I WAS a child beneath her touch,—a man
When breast to breast we clung, even I and
she,—

A spirit when her spirit looked through me,—
A god when all our life-breath met to fan
Our life-blood, till love's emulous ardours ran,
Fire within fire, desire in deity.

D. G. Rossetti.

OCTOBER 15th

LET my voice ring out and over the earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy in a silver mirth :
Thank God for life !

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss
To the azure dome above,
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss :
Thank God for Love !

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
The whole world through :
O my Love and Life, O my Life and Love,
Thank God for you !

James Thomson.

OCTOBER 16th

B ELOVED, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both, commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.

E. B. Browning.

OCTOBER 17th

THOU lovely and beloved, thou my love ;
Whose kiss seems still the first ; whose
summoning eyes,

Even now, as for our love-world's new sunrise,
Shed very dawn ; whose voice, attuned above
All modulation of the deep-bowered dove,
Is like a hand laid softly on the soul ;
Whose hand is like a sweet voice to control
Those worn tired brows it hath the keeping of :—
What word can answer to thy word,—what gaze
To thine, which now absorbs within its sphere
My worshipping face, till I am mirrored there
Light-circled in a heaven of deep-drawn rays ?
What clasp, what kiss mine inmost heart can
prove,

O lovely and beloved, O my love ?

D. G. Rossetti.

OCTOBER 18th

LAST night my cheek was wetted with warm
tears,
Each worth a world. They fell from eyes
divine.

Last night a loving lip was pressed to mine,
And at its touch fled all the barren years ;
And softly couched upon a bosom white,
Which came and went beneath me like a sea,
An emperor I lay in empire bright,
Lord of the beating heart, while tenderly
Love-words were glutting my love-greedy ears.
Kind Love, I thank thee for that happy night !
Richer this cheek with those warm tears of thine
Than the vast midnight with its gleaming spheres.
Leander toiling through the midnight brine,
Kingdomless Anthony, were scarce my peers !

Alexander Smith.

OCTOBER 19th

THOU art my rest, the peace that's given
Straight from the inmost heart of heaven.

Translated from Rückert.

OCTOBER 20th

SLEEPING beside thee,
No need of pillow.
Thine arm and mine arm
Pillows are they.

Japanese Pillow Song.

. OCTOBER 21st

AH me ! with what proud growth
 Shall that hour's thirsting race be run ;
 While, for each several sweetness still begun
Afresh, endures love's endless drouth :
Sweet hands, sweet hair, sweet cheeks, sweet
 eyes, sweet mouth,
Each singly wooed and won.

Yet most with the sweet soul
Shall love's espousals then be knit ;
For very passion of peace shall breathe from it
O'er tremulous wings that touch the goal,
As on the unmeasured height of Love's control
The lustral fires are lit.

D. G. Rossetti.

OCTOBER 22nd

PRAISE God, who wrought for you and me
Your subtle body made for love ;
God, who from all eternity
Willed our divided ways should move
Together, and our love should be.

I wandered all these years among
A world of women, seeking you.
Ah, when our fingers met and clung,
The pulses of our bodies knew
Each other : our hearts leapt and sung.

It was not any word of mine,
It was not any look of yours ;
Only we knew, and knew for sign
Of Love that comes, Love that endures,
Our veins the chalice of his wine.

Because God willed for us and planned
One perfect love, excelling speech
To tell, or thought to understand,
He made our bodies each for each,
Then put your hand into my hand.

Arthur Symons.

OCTOBER 23rd

MINE by the right of the white election !
Mine by the royal seal !
Mine by the sign in the scarlet prison
Bars cannot conceal !

Mine, here in vision and in veto !
Mine, by the grave's repeal
Titled, confirmed,—delirious charter !
Mine, while the ages steal !

Emily Dickinson.

OCTOBER 24th

AND we will talk, until thought's melody
Become too sweet for utterance, and it die
In words, to live again in looks, which dart
With thrilling tone into the voiceless heart,
Harmonizing silence without a sound.
Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together ; and our lips
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them, and the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity,
As mountain-springs under the morning sun.

Shelley.

OCTOBER 25th

YOUR heart is never away,
But ever with mine, for ever,
For ever without endeavour,
To-morrow, love, as to-day ;
Two blent hearts never astray,
Two souls no power may sever,
Together, O my love, for ever.

D. G. Rossetti.

OCTOBER 26th

O H my love, my Queen of May,
The light of youth is gone,
Thy balmy tresses gather gray,
Thy rosy lips are wan.
Will thy true eyes alter yet
And their nuptial smile forget ?

Oh my love, will Time deceive,
Will he wither true love so ?
There is more in Love, believe,
Than the silly nations know ;
More in Love, where bloom is dead,
Than the rose wreath round his head.

O my love, and if thou need
Harbour when the north winds blow :
If thy tender footprints bleed
On the flints among the snow :
Love will raise a sheltered cot,
Where the ice-blast enters not.

O my true love, we are wise ;
When snow whitens all our land,
Underneath the cloudy skies
We will travel hand in hand :
Since we have not far to go
To our rest beyond the snow.

Lord de Tabley.

OCTOBER 27th

THEREFORE, when breast and cheek
Now part, from long embraces free,
Each on the other gazing shall but see
A self that has no need to speak :
All things unsought, yet nothing more to seek,
One love in unity.

D. G. Rossetti.

OCTOBER 28th

G O from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forebore . . .
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

E. B. Browning.

OCTOBER 29th

I SOMETIMES think my Heaven may be
A green place, with an orchard tree,
And one sweet Angel, known to me.
C. C. Fraser-Tytler.

OCTOBER 30th

I T often comes into my head
That we may dream when we are dead,
But I am far from sure we do.
O that it were so ! Then my rest
Would be indeed among the blest ;
I should for ever dream of you.

Landor.

OCTOBER 31st

AS a perfume doth remain
In the folds where it hath lain,
So the thought of you, remaining
Deeply folded in my brain,
Will not leave me : all things leave me :
You remain.

Other thoughts may come and go,
Other moments I may know
That shall waft me, in their going,
As a breath blown to and fro,
Fragrant memories : fragrant memories
Come and go.

Only thoughts of you remain
In my heart where they have lain,
Perfumed thoughts of you, remaining,
A hid sweetness, in my brain.
Others leave me : all things leave me :
You remain.

Arthur Symons.

NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER 1st

MY lady is desired in the high Heaven :
Wherefore, it now behoveth me to tell,
Saying : Let any maid that would be well
Esteemed keep with her : for as she goes by,
Into foul hearts a deathly chill is driven
By Love, that makes ill thought to perish there :
While any who endures to gaze on her
Must either be ennobled, or else die.
When one deserving to be raised so high
Is found, 'tis then her power attains its proof,
Making his heart strong for his soul's behoof
With the full strength of meek humility.
Also this virtue owns she, by God's will :
Who speaks with her can never come to ill.

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

NOVEMBER 2nd

DEPARTED to the judgment,
A mighty afternoon :
Great clouds like ushers leaning,
Creation looking on.

The flesh surrendered, cancelled,
The bodiless begun,
Two worlds, like audiences, disperse
And leave the soul alone.

Emily Dickinson.

NOVEMBER 3rd

THE last night that she lived,
It was a common night,
Except the dying ; this to us made nature
different.

We noticed smallest things,—
Things overlooked before,
By this great light upon our minds
Italicized, as 'twere.

That others could exist,
While she must finish quite,
A jealousy for her arose
So nearly infinite.

We waited while she passed :
It was a narrow time,
Too jostled were our souls to speak,
At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot ;
Then lightly as a reed,
Bent to the river, shivered scarce,
Consented, and was dead.

And we, we placed the hair,
And drew the head erect ;
And then an awful leisure was,
Our faith to regulate.

Emily Dickinson.

NOVEMBER 4th

TWO hands together folded—
Two lids shut low ;
Two lips upon each other,
Companions now
Needing on earth again
No playfellow !

Dear Breast, where night and day
My head hath lain,
Dear Voice, that answers not
To mine again,
Dark—dark for evermore
To joy and pain—

More tender than young lilies
Blowing pale,
More secret than the perfume
Of the Vale,
Imperious as the sounding
Of the gale ;—

I shall not fail to meet you—
Gathering far,
For oh ! the thing that made you
What you are
Will draw me worshipping
To every star !

Alice M. Buckton.

NOVEMBER 5th

THEY brought my fair love out upon a bier—
Out from the dwelling that her smile made
sweet,

Out from the life that her life made complete,
Into the glitter of the garish street—
And no man wept, save I, for that dead dear.

And then the dark procession wound along,
Like a black serpent with a snow-white bird
Held in its fangs. I think God said a word
To death, as He in His chill heaven heard
Her voice so sweeter than His seraph's song.

And so Death took her flower-sweet breath
One darkest day of days in a dark year,
And brought to that strong God who had no dear
My own dear love—Ah, closed eyes without peer !
Ah, red lips pressed on the blue lips of Death !

Victor Daley.

NOVEMBER 6th

IT is not grief or pain ;
But like the even dropping of the rain
That thou art gone.

It is not like a grave
To weep upon ;
But like the rise and falling of a wave
When the vessel's gone.

It is like the sudden void
When the city is destroyed
Where the sun shone ;
There is neither grief or pain,
But the wide waste come again.

Michael Field.

NOVEMBER 7th

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew !
In quiet she reposes ;
Ah ! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required ;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her heart was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound ;
For peace her soul was yearning
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath ;
And now it doth inherit
The vasty hall of Death.

Matthew Arnold.

NOVEMBER 8th

O THAT I now could lose again
Or cleanse away with tears
The foolish lore I learned of men,
The dust of all my years !

Away with ocean, earth and air
I, too, alone and wild,
Should feel the Great One near me there,
A wonder-hearted child.

So did I often ponder, caught
Within the fast control
Of those who cloud in worldly thought
The heaven illumined soul.

But when you came you set me free,
You gave me life anew,
For all I sought in Earth and Sea
I found at last in you.

In you the joy of dawn and noon,
The fervent evening-light,
The tender sun-reflecting moon,
The starry breadth of night ;

And something more they could not give,
That only kinship can,
The mighty joy of us who live,
The bond of man with man.

Clifford Bax.

NOVEMBER 9th

THE earth is new,—it was thy love
That made her new ;
The heavens are new,—it was thy love
That made them new.

Now thou art gone while I alone
Am left to face
The wonder of a world unknown,
A strange blank place.

What right had Death 'twixt me and thee
His scythe to sway ?
He cannot reach the soul of me
A surer way.

I want thee. Faith, Hope, Love are changed ;
And I am weak :
Old paths wherein my spirit ranged,
I blindly seek.

Yet, friend, though thou art gone, through thee
'Mid all this new
Maze of dim thought, dark mystery,
I'll find the clue !

John Addington Symonds

NOVEMBER 10th

IF I hearken at your grave
Will you speak ?
Will the sudden crimson wave
Tint your cheek ?
Will your pulse begin to beat,
And your lip to quiver, sweet,
With the dreamy silver phrase,
Of our dreamy lover days,
If I speak ?

For your passion would embalm
(So you said)
Lids and fingers carven calm,
Pale and dead.
Like a sacred orange-flower
Pluckt one meditative hour
You would wait, a pensive bride,
Till they brought me to your side,
So you said.

Rachel Annand Taylor.

NOVEMBER 11th

O SEA wall, mounded long and low,
Let iron bounds be thine ;
Nor let the salt wave overflow
That breast I held divine.

Nor float its sea-weed to her hair,
Nor dim her eyes with sands ;
No fluted cockle burrow where
Sleep folds her patient hands.

And, ah, dear heart, in thy still nest
Resign this earth of woes,
Forget the ardours of the west,
Neglect the morning glows.

Sleep and forget all things but one,
Heard in each wave of sea,—
How lonely all the years will run
Until I rest by thee.

Lord de Tabley.

NOVEMBER 12th

NOT by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others ; nor by summer heats ;
But through a perfect gentleness, instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered Him for that lovely excellence,
So that He bade her to Himself aspire ;
Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while ;
And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
Upon his face, must have become so vile
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.

Dante, translated by D. G. Rossetti.

NOVEMBER 13th

WHERE sunless rivers weep
Their waves into the deep,
She sleeps a charmed sleep :
Awake her not.
Led by a single star,
She came from very far
To seek where shadows are
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,
She left the fields of corn,
For twilight cold and lorn
And water springs.
Through sleep, as through a veil,
She sees the sky look pale,
And hears the nightingale
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest
Shed over brow and breast ;
Her face is toward the west,
The purple land.
She cannot see the grain
Ripening on hill and plain,
She cannot feel the rain
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore
Upon a mossy shore ;
Rest, rest at the heart's core
Till time shall cease :

Sleep that no pain shall wake,
Night that no morn shall break,
Till joy shall overtake
Her perfect peace.

Christina Rossetti.

NOVEMBER 14th

I AM here for thee,
Art thou there for me ?
Or, Fancy, with thy wondrous smile
Wilt thou no more my eyes beguile
Betwixt the clouds and sea ?

I am here for thee,
Art thou there for me ?
Spirit of brightness, shy and sweet !
My eyes thy glimmering robe would meet
Above the glimmering sea.

My little skill,
My passionate will,
Are here : where art thou ? Spirit, bow
From darkening cloud thy heavenly brow,
Ere sinks the ebbing sea.

Richard Watson Dixon.

NOVEMBER 15th

AND thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss,
With whom, when our first heart beat full
and fast,

I wandered till the haunts of men were passed,
And in fair places found all bowers amiss
Till only woods and waves might hear our kiss,
While to the winds all thought of Death we cast :—
Ah, Life ! and must I have from thee at last
No smile to greet me and no babe but this ?

Lo ! Love, the child once ours ; and Song, whose
hair

Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath ;
And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God found
fair :

These o'er the book of Nature mixed their
breath
With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched them
there ;
And did these die that thou mightst bear me
Death ?

D. G. Rossetti.

NOVEMBER 16th

O EARTH, lie heavily upon her eyes ;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching,
Earth ;

Lie close around her ; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth ;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song ;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir ;
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be ;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

Christina Rossetti.

NOVEMBER 17th

AH, who knows now if in my veins it be
My blood that feels life sweet, or blood of
thee,

And this thine eyesight kindled in mine eye
That shows me in thy flesh the soul of me,
For thine made mine, while day may live and
die ?

Ah, who knows yet if one be twain or one,
And sunlight separable again from sun,
And I from thee with all my lifesprings dry,
And thou from me with all thine heart beats done,
Dead separate souls while day shall live and die.

Swinburne.

NOVEMBER 18th

THE smile of her I love is like the dawn
Whose touch makes Memnon sing.
O see where wide the golden sunlight flows—
The barren desert blossoms as the rose !

The smile of her I love—when that is gone,
O'er all the world night spreads her shadowy wing.

Richard Watson Gilder.

NOVEMBER 19th

THE dead abide with us ! Though stark and
cold

Earth seems to grip them, they are with us
still :

They have forged our chains of being for good
or ill,

And their invisible hands, these hands yet hold.

Our perishable bodies are the mould

In which their strong imperishable will—

Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—

Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Mathilde Blind.

NOVEMBER 20th

YOU left me, Sweet, two legacies,
A legacy of love
A Heavenly Father would content,
Had He the offer of ;
You left me boundaries of pain
Capacious as the sea,
Between eternity and time,
Your consciousness and me.

Emily Dickinson.

NOVEMBER 21st

THOUGH I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce ;
Though I am parted, yet my mind,
That's more myself, still stays behind ;
I breathe in you, you keep my heart ;
'Twas but a carcase that did part.
Then though our bodies are disjoined,
As things that are to place confined,
Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
And in love's sphere each other greet ;
There let us work a mystic wreath,
Unknown unto the world beneath ;
There let our clasped loves sweetly twine,
There our secret thoughts unseen
Like nets be weaved and intertwined,
Wherewith we catch each other's mind.
There, whilst our souls do sit and kiss,
Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss
(Such as gross lovers cannot know
Whose hands and lips meet here below),
Let us look down, and mark what pain
Our absent bodies here sustain,
And smile to see how far away
The one doth from the other stray ;
Yet burn and languish with desire
To join and quench their mutual fire ;
There let us joy to see from far
Our emulous flames at loving war,
Whilst both with equal lustre shine,
Mine bright as yours, yours bright as mine.

There, seated in those heavenly bowers,
We'll cheat the lag and ling'ring hours,
Making our bitter absence sweet,
Till souls and bodies both may meet.

Thomas Carew.

NOVEMBER 22nd

I F you were coming in the fall,
I'd brush the summer by,
With half a smile and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.
If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls
And put them each in separate drawers,
Until their time befalls.
If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Diemen's land.
If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should be,
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And taste eternity.

Emily Dickinson.

NOVEMBER 23rd

Lo, what is love ? A dreamer in a sleep
Who dreaming sees, though waking still is
blind ;

He sees the yellow sheaves the reapers bind ;
He hears the song that rises as they reap.

Lo, what is love ? A toiler on a steep,
Who upward strains where lonely pathways
wind

To reach the summit never foot may find,
To catch the song no mortal ear may keep.

Lo, what is love ? A shell upon the sands
Whose tenants are the echo and the breeze ;
But he who takes it, listening, in his hands
Shall hear the murmur of eternal seas ;
The voice of stars that sing o'er harvest lands,
The music vast of human mysteries.

Eugene and Annie Lee-Hamilton.

NOVEMBER 24th

I LOVE Love—though he has wings
And like light can flee ;
But above all other things
Spirit, I love thee !
Thou art love and life ! O come
Make once more my heart thy home.

Shelley.

me m. d. 10

NOVEMBER 25th

I T must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread.
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed,
Thy tears had dropped on mine ; if I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness, and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep, thy feet had bled
For mine, and thy mouth had for mine made moan ;
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep,
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine weep :
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain,
One thought shall still its primal sweetness keep—
Thou hadst the peace and I the undying pain.

Philip Bourke Marston.

NOVEMBER 26th

THE door of death is made of gold,
That mortal eyes cannot behold ;
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes and wondering sees,
In her mild hand, the golden keys.

Blake.

NOVEMBER 27th

O LYRIC love, half-angel and half-bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face ;
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart :
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their
blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,
This is the same voice : can thy soul know change ?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help !
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be ; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile :
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes
proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall !
Robert Browning.

NOVEMBER 28th

SLEEP, sleep, imperious heart ! Sleep, fair and
undefiled !

Sleep and be free.

Come in your dreams at last, comrade and queen
and child,

At last to me.

Come, for the honeysuckle calls you out of the night.

Come, for the air

Calls with a tyrannous remembrance of delight,
Passion, and prayer.

Sleep, sovereign heart ! and now,—for dream and
memory

Endure no door,—

My spirit undenied goes where my feet, to thee,
Have gone before.

A moonbeam or a breath, above mine eyes I bow,
Silent, unseen,—

But not, ah ! not unknown ! thy spirit knows me now
Where I have been.

Surely my long desire upon my soul hath power.

Surely for this

Thy sleep shall breathe thee forth, soul of the
lily flower,

Under my kiss.

Sleep, body wonderful. Wake, spirit wise and wild,
White and divine.

Here is our heaven of dream, O dear and undefiled,
All thine, all mine.

C. D. G. Roberts.

NOVEMBER 29th

METHINKS I have passed through some
dreadful door,
Shutting off summer and its sunniest glades
From a dark waste of marsh and ruinous shades :
And in that sunlit past, one day before
All other days is crimson to the core ;
That day of days when hand in hand became
Encircling arms, and with an effluent flame
Of terrible surprise, we knew love's lore.

The rose-red ear that then my hand caressed,
Those smiles bewildered, that low voice so sweet,
The truant threads of silk about the brow
Dishevelled, when our burning lips were pressed
Together, and the temple-pulses beat !
All gone now—where am I, and where art thou !

William Bell Scott.

NOVEMBER 30th

THE food in which my Lord doth so abound,
Mourning and tears, I nourish my tired
heart ;

And often I grow faint and often start
Musing now that this wound is most profound.
She comes, whose like the age has never found.
Soft splendours from her star-bound tresses dart ;
She sits, as though we never more must part,
Gently upon the bed to which I'm bound :
Laying the hands which I so much desired
Upon my eyes, and speaking words, a tide
Of sweetness, things no human lips have said.
'What use,' she says, 'in knowing, if you grow
tired ?

Do not say any more. Have you not cried
Enough for me ? You see, I am not dead.'

Translated from Petrarch.

DECEMBER

DECEMBER 1st

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,—
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, though as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

Tennyson.

DECEMBER 2nd

I HOLD thee in the hollow of my hand ;
I draw thee as the magnet draws the pole
Opposed to it ; and thus, love, soul to soul
We two together ever more shall stand.
For what can sunder us ? Nor sea nor land,
Since we can pierce the universal whole,
Like subtle ether ; we unseen control
Our destinies ; and work what God hath planned.
If on the earth our feet can find no place,
Then we perforce must seek the upper air :
I'll brave all heights, so we stand face to face,
All clouds, all dangers, if thou art but there.
I think God sent us from His Throne of grace,
The power of love to prove and to declare.

Ella Dietz.

DECEMBER 3rd

HAST thou then wrapped us in thy shadow,
Death !

Already in the very dawn of joy ?
And in cold triumph dreamest to destroy
The last and dearest hope which lingereth
Within my desolated heart ? to blast
The young unfolding bud ? and dash away,
As in some desert-demon's cruel play,
The cup my parched lips had begun to taste !
O Impotent ! O very Phantom ! know,
Bounds are there to thy ravage even here ;
Sanctuaries inaccessible to fear
Are in the heart of man while yet below :
Love, not of sense, can wake such communings
As are among the Soul's eternal things.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton.

DECEMBER 4th

I N dim green depths rot ingot-laden ships,
While gold doubloons that from the drowned
hand fell
Lie nestled in the ocean-flower's bell
With Love's gemmed rings once kissed by now dead
lips.
And round some wrought-gold cup the sea-grass
whips
And hides lost pearls, near pearls still in their shell,
Where sea-weed forests fill each ocean dell,
And seek dim sunlight with their countless tips.

So lie the wasted gifts, the long-lost hopes,
Beneath the now hushed surface of myself,
In lonelier depths than where the diver gropes.
They lie deep, deep ; but I at times behold
In doubtful glimpses, on some reefy shelf,
The gleam of irrecoverable gold.

Eugene Lee-Hamilton.

DECEMBER 5th

I SAW no mortal beauty with these eyes
When perfect peace in thy fair eyes I found ;
But far within, where all is holy ground,
My soul felt Love, her comrade of the skies :
For she was born with God in Paradise ;
Else should we still to transient loves be bound ;
But finding these so false we pass beyond
Unto the Love of Loves that never dies.
Nay, things that die cannot assuage the thirst
Of souls undying, nor Eternity
Serves Time, where all must fade that flourisheth.
Sense is not love, but lawlessness accurst :
This kills the soul ; while our love lifts on high
Our friends on earth—higher in heaven through
death.

Michael Angelo, translated by J. Addington Symonds.

DECEMBER 6th

THE memory of the sweets of Love is like manna, which needs to be renewed continually. But the sweets differ from manna in this, that they may be gathered in Life's evening as well as in his morning.

Richard Garnett.

DECEMBER 7th

I THOUGHT once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-
for years,

Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young :
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own like, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair,
And a voice said in mastery while I strove, . . .
' Guess now who holds thee ? '—' Death,' I said.

But, there,
The silver answer rang . . . ' Not Death, but Love.'

E. B. Browning.

DECEMBER 8th

BENEATH the loveliest dream there coils a
fear :—

Last night came she whose eyes are
memories now,

Her far-off gaze seemed all-forgetful how
Love dimmed them once ; so calm they shone
and clear.

‘Sorrow (I said) hath made me old, my dear ;
’Tis I, indeed, but grief doth change the brow,—
A love like mine a seraph’s neck might bow,—
Vigils like mine would blanch an angel’s hair.’

Ah, then I saw, I saw the sweet lips move !
I saw the love-mists thickening in her eyes,—
I heard wild wordless melodies of love
Like murmur of dreaming brooks in Paradise ;
And, when upon my neck she fell, my dove,
I knew her hair though heavy of amaranth-spice.

Theodore Watts-Dunton.

DECEMBER 9th

I DO not say love's youth returns ;
That joy which so divinely yearns !
But just esteem of present good
Shows all regret such gratitude.
As if the sparrow in her nest,
Her woolly young beneath her breast,
Should these despise, and sorrow for
Her five blue eggs that are no more.
Nor say I the fruit has quite the scope
Of the flowers' spiritual hope.
Love's best is service, and of this,
Howe'er devout, use dulls the bliss.
Though love is all of earth that's dear,
Its home, my children, is not here :
The pathos of eternity
Does in its fullest pleasure sigh . . .
What, if, in heaven, the name be o'er,
Because the thing is so much more ?
Coventry Patmore.

DECEMBER 10th

ANGELIC love that stoops with heavenly lips
To meet its earthly mate ;
Heroic love that to its sphere's eclipse
Can dare to join its fate
With one beloved devoted human heart,
And share with it the passion and the smart ;
The undying bliss
Of its most fleeting kiss ;
The fading grace
Of its most sweet embrace :—
Angelic love, heroic love !
Whose birth can only be above,
Whose wandering must be on earth,
Whose haven where it first had birth !
Love that can part with all but its own worth,
And joy in every sacrifice
That beautifies its Paradise !
And gently like a golden-fruited vine,
With earnest tenderness itself consign,
And creeping up deliriously entwine
Its dear delicious arms
Round the beloved being !
With fair unfolded charms,
All trusting, and all seeing—
Grape-laden with full branches of young wine !
While to the panting hearts dry yearning drought
Buds the rich dewy mouth—
Tenderly uplifted
Like two rose leaves drifted

Down in a long warm sigh of the sweet south !
Such love, such love is thine,
Such heart is mine
O thou of mortal visions most divine.
George Meredith.

DECEMBER 11th

R OUND among the quiet graves,
When the sun was low,
Love went grieving,—Love who saves :
Did the sleepers know ?

At his touch the flowers awoke,
At his tender call
Birds into sweet singing broke,
And it did befall

From the blooming, bursting sod
All Love's dead arose,
And went flying up to God
By a way Love knows.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

DECEMBER 12th

ONCE on a time I thought
Love was a thing for play.
Since I loved you I know
It's a thing for the Judgment Day.
Spanish Folk Song, translated by Havelock Ellis.

DECEMBER 13th

A FRAID ? of whom am I afraid ?
Not death ; for who is he ?
The porter of my father's lodge
As much abasheth me.

Of life ? 'Twere odd I fear a thing
That comprehendeth me
In one or more existences
At Deity's decree.

Of resurrection ? Is the east
Afraid to trust the morn
With her fastidious forehead ?
As soon impeach my crown !

Emily Dickinson.

DECEMBER 14th

LOVER is parted from lover that they may
learn the omnipresence of Love.

Richard Garnett.

DECEMBER 15th

LOVE'S best is not bereft
Ever from him to whom is left
The trust that God will not deceive
His creature, fashioned to believe
The prophecies of pure desire.
Not loss, not death, my love shall tire.
A mystery does my heart foretell ;
Nor do I press the oracle
For explanations. Leave me alone,
And let in me love's will be done.

Coventry Patmore.

DECEMBER 16th

LOVE is more great than we conceive and
death is the keeper of unknown redemptions.

Fiona Macleod.

DECEMBER 17th

THE face of all the world is changed, I think,
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul
Move still, oh, still, beside me ; as they stole
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink
Of obvious death, where I who thought to sink
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.
The names of country, heaven are changed away
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here ;
And this—this lute and song—loved yesterday,
(The singing angels know) are only dear,
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

E. B. Browning.

DECEMBER 18th

COME to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again.

For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth,
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say—' My love ! why sufferest thou ? '

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again ;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Matthew Arnold.

DECEMBER 19th

B^Y Love we travel sweetly unto Sleep ;
By Sleep we travel gently unto Death ;
By Death we make return to Love again.
Richard Garnett.

DECEMBER 20th

LOVE hath his poppy-wreath,
Not Night alone.

I laid my head beneath
Love's liliated throne :
Then to my sleep he brought
This anodyne—

The flower of many a thought
And fancy fine :

A form, a face, no more ;
Fairer than truth ;

A dream from death's pale shore ;
The soul of youth :

A dream so dear, so deep,
All dreams above,

That still I pray to sleep—
Bring Love back, Love !

John Addington Symonds.

DECEMBER 21st

BUT this I know, if along an alien strand,
Or anywhere in God's eternal space,
You heard my voice, or I beheld your face,
That we should greet and both would understand.

Alfred Austin.

DECEMBER 22nd

THEY that love beyond the World cannot be separated by it.

Death cannot kill what never dies. Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine Principle ; the Root and Record of their Friendship.

If Absence be not Death neither is it theirs. Death is but Crossing the World as Friends do the Seas ; they live in one another still.

For they must needs be present, that love and live in that which is omnipresent.

In this Divine Glass they see Face to Face ; and their converse is Free as well as Pure.

This is the Comfort of Friends, that though they may be said to Die, yet their Friendship and Society are, in the best Sense, ever present, because Immortal.

William Penn.

DECEMBER 23rd

LOVE does not end with this life or any number of lives ; the form that thou seekest lies hidden under wrapping after wrapping.

Nevertheless it shall at length appear—more wondrous far than aught thou hast imagined.

Therefore leave time : do not like a child pull thy flower up by the roots to see if it is growing ;

Even though thou be old and near the grave there is plenty of time.

Edward Carpenter.

DECEMBER 24th

I HAVE a room whereinto no one enters
Save I myself alone :
There sits a blessed memory on a throne,
There my life centres ;

While winter comes and goes—oh tedious comer !—
And while its nip-wind blows ;
While bloom the bloodless lily and warm rose
Of lavish summer.

If any should force entrance he might see there
One buried yet not dead,
Before whose face I no more bow my head
Or bend my knee there ;

But often in my worn life's autumn weather
I watch there with clear eyes,
And think how it will be in Paradise
When we're together.

Christina Rossetti.

DECEMBER 25th

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love,
Is God our Father dear ;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face ;
And Love, the human form divine ;
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine :
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In Heathen, Turk or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

Blake.

DECEMBER 26th

COME lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving,
arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge
curious,
And for love, sweet love—but praise ! praise !
praise !
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding
death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest
welcome ?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed
come, come unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I
joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

Walt Whitman.

DECEMBER 27th

STRONGER than life is death, for all things die.
Stronger than death is life, for death is
nought.

Life,—what is life ? A flash that streaks the
sky.

Death,—what is death ? A name, a haunting
thought.

Stronger than life is death, for death subdues
Life's flaring torchlight with its argent rays.
Stronger than death is life, for life renews
Through death the firesprings of its vanished days.
Stronger than life is love, for love's warm breath
Kindles and keeps aglow life's myriad fires.
Stronger than death is love, for love through death
Kindles a larger life when life expires.

Life,—what is life ? Love's fireglow in the skies.
Death,—what is death ? Love dawning on our
eyes.

Edmond Holmes.

DECEMBER 28th

THY voice is on the rolling air ;
I hear thee where the waters run ;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;
But tho' I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before ;
My love is vaster passion now ;
Though mixed with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;
I have thee still, and I rejoice ;
I prosper, circled with thy voice ;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

Tennyson.

DECEMBER 29th

MY own, see where the years conduct !
At first, 'twas something our two souls
Should mix as mists do ; each is sucked
In each now : on, the new stream rolls,
Whatever rocks obstruct.

Think, when our one soul understands
The great Word which makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands ?

Oh ! I must feel your brain prompt mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart,
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the divine !

Robert Browning.

DECEMBER 30th

DEAR friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal ;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher ;

Known and unknown ; human, divine ;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood ;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

Tennyson.

DECEMBER 31st

AH ! who but the lover at last should know
what Death is ?

To love without sorrow, and to send love
forth to bathe the world, healing it from its
wounds !

Ah ! who at last but the lover should know
what Death is ?

Edward Carpenter.

ALL HAIL

O BLESSED of the dark, we meet along an
unknown sky ;
And here within the light of you, how
beautiful am I !

The other worlds are dim around, beneficent with
night.

But I—I turn my face to you, and have no other
sight.

So poising radiant, strong with joy, in desert air
divine,

One star doth to another call, and we, Belovèd,
shine.

We shine transfigured, shine, to know beyond all
hope made wise,

The echo, echo of All Hail, from new-illuminated
eyes.

Mrs. Peabody Marks.

THE courtesy and help I have had both from authors and publishers have added considerably to the pleasure of compiling this Anthology. I have received (with three exceptions) free permission to use the extracts in this Calendar, and much of the revision of my twelve years' work has been lightened by the help of authors and publishers, as well as by personal friends. Miss Dora Haden and Miss Hilda Snow have aided in the clerical work, and to them also I tender my thanks.

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E. M. O. ELLIS.

Woodpecker,
West Drayton.

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" " " ' Epipsychidion '	May 19th.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	May 31st.
" " " ' Indian Serenade '	June 6th.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	July 16th.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	Oct. 24th.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	Nov. 24th.
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SOUTHEY	Dec. 8th.
SPANISH FOLK SONGS	Trans. by Havelock Ellis
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" " " " " " " " " " " "	Dec. 12th.
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" " " " " " " " " " " "	April 2nd.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	June 30th.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	Aug. 5th.
" " " " " " " " " " " "	Aug. 7th.

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" " " " " " " " .	Jan. 27th.
" " " " " " " " .	Feb. 1st.
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" " " " " " " " .	June 17th.
" " " " " " " " .	June 21st.
" " " " " " " " .	July 2nd.
" " " " " " " " .	Sept. 6th.
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" " " " " " " " .	Dec. 30th.
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